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Brevoort, Henry

Letters to Washington Irving

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October, 1916. G. P. Putnam's Sons

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LETTERS OF

HENRY BREVOORT

TO

WASHINGTON IRVING

TOGETHER WITH OTHER UNPUBLISHED

BREVOORT PAPERS

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY

GEORGE S. HELLMAN

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME ONE

NEW YORK

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

The Knickerbocker Press

1916

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The Knickerbocker Press, New York

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

In 1915, G. P. Putnam's Sons brought into publication, in a specially printed edition, the letters written by Washington Irving to his friend Henry Brevoort. The editorial responsibility for the two volumes rested with Mr. George S. Hellman. The public showed a favorable and immediate interest in the volumes and the edition was exhausted within a few days of its publication. Encouraged by the interest expressed in this series of letters, the publishers are glad to be able to present, under the same editorial supervision, the other side of this distinctive correspondence, the letters of Henry Brevoort to Washington Irving. The Editor, Mr. Hellman, was fortunate enough to come into relations at the Grolier Club with Mr. Grenville Kane, who

spoke with interest and with approval of the volumes of the Irving-Brevoort Letters. Mr. Kane advised Mr. Hellman that he had in his possession the letters of his grandfather, Mr. Henry Brevoort, and, with the characteristic liberality of a student of history and of a lover of books, he offered to place this series of letters at the disposal of Mr. Hellman for publication as a companion work. Mr. Hellman realized how important the publication of these letters would be in completing the record of this historic friendship.

Of the series of Irving Letters, a portion—although only a small portion—came into publication in Pierre M. Irving's Life and Letters of his Uncle, but the letters of Brevoort are practically unknown to the public. In the four volumes of the Irving Biography, Pierre Irving had been able to make place for but three pages of the Brevoort material. This series of letters presents a distinctive and original record of the social, literary, and

dramatic events in New York and in the literary circles of the Republic during the first half of the nineteenth century. A few letters belonging to the years 1808, 1809 and 1810 are missing, but the series is substantially complete.

The publishers desire to express their obligations to Mr. Grenville Kane for his gracious action in permitting them now to be brought into print.

Acknowledgments are also due to another member of the Brevoort family, Mrs. Robert Sedgwick, through whom have been secured excerpts from letters written by her grandmother Margaret, who was the sister of Henry Brevoort and who became the wife of Professor James Renwick. Margaret Brevoort was a charming correspondent, and the Editor has been glad to utilize in his pages passages from these lively and characteristic letters. The publishers desire also to express their appreciation of Mrs. Sedgwick's courtesy in

placing at their service the portrait by Jarvis of Mrs. Renwick, now in the home of her great-granddaughter, Mrs. Sedgwick; and of Mr. Kane's similar courtesy in regard to the portrait by Rembrandt Peale of Henry Brevoort. These portraits are now for the first time reproduced.

At the time of the publication of the Irving-Brevoort Letters, the Editor was obliged to report that seven in the series were not available. During the past year, he has been fortunate in securing, as one result of the publication of his volumes, some of the manuscripts heretofore reported missing, and these are now included in the present volumes in the section presenting the letters written to Henry Brevoort by James Fenimore Cooper, Rembrandt Peale, and others.

The publishers found it desirable to purchase these hitherto unrecorded letters of Irving, in order to make as complete as possible the record of the Irving-Brevoort Corre-

spondence. With this exception, the manuscript material contained in this portion of the second volume comes from the family papers of Mr. Grenville Kane.

G. H. P.

New York, July, 1916.

INTRODUCTION

THE letters of Henry Brevoort to Washington Irving constitute a body of manuscripts of exceptional interest; and this, from many points of view. He touches, with a literary grace and a sense of humor almost equal to those of his famous and well-loved friend, on topics intimately interwoven with the cultural, the commercial, and the political development of America during the first half of the nineteenth century. For many readers, however, the most immediate charm of these letters will reside in their social aspect, in Brevoort's faculty for conjuring up to us of a later age the living presentments of the men and women in whom Irving and he were most interested. Old families of New York, early writers, actors, statesmen, artists, again cross from the land of shadows, and carry us along

familiar highways and fascinating byways of our city's past.

Brevoort was born in September, 1782, some six months prior to the birth of Irving; he married in 1817 Laura Carson of South Carolina; in 1848 he died, and lies buried in Trinity Cemetery. His father, old Henry Brevoort, was a notable character, a man of such influence and determination that to meet his wishes the city authorities deflected Broadway and omitted to lay out that part of Eleventh Street on which faced the Brevoort homestead. Generations of this family have been prominent in New York, allied in many directions with other distinguished families. In journalism and in historical writings both Irving's friend Henry and his son Carson Brevoort adventured with success, while Mrs. Brevoort's fancy dress ball (given in 1840 in the mansion which still stands at the corner of Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue) was the most splendid social affair of the

first half of the nineteenth century in New York.

It is, however, in connection with Irving that the name of this old Dutch family will longest be remembered in the larger world of letters; and it is indeed fortunate that the record of so delightful a friendship can be amplified by the Brevoort manuscripts, thus at last, after the recent publication of Irving's epistles, rounding out their correspondence.

The first letter among those preserved in the family archives was written in New York at the beginning of the year 1811, and was received by Irving during his stay at Washington where he was the guest of John P. Van Ness, one time mayor of that city. Although Irving had written to Brevoort on January 13th a lengthy letter recounting the trip by stage from New York to Baltimore and thence to Washington, his missive had not as yet reached Brevoort six days later in New York. Delivery of communications takes fewer hours

now than days then; and the journey to Washington is called by Brevoort a pilgrimage, and Irving "an eastern sovereign travelling through his vast dominion."

It is an interesting coincidence that the first of these letters to the first internationally recognized American author should be taken up with lengthy comment concerning a publication that was the first quarterly issued in the United States. Robert Walsh's magazine, *The American Review of History & Politics*, began that department of our literature which has now assumed such large proportions. Corroborative of the paucity of original work by American authors was the initial number of Walsh's journal, which in its literary columns could find little home talent to discuss.

The non-partisan Americanism (an unusual trait in those days) that characterized Irving is similarly manifest in Brevoort's comments concerning Walsh's attack on the admin-

istration of James Madison. As the correspondence proceeds we shall see how, often not alone in tastes, but essentially in temperament, Irving and Brevoort were akin. Both these men combined with large fair-mindedness and all absence of intemperate party feeling a decided reticence that makes their comparatively unguarded interchange of thought the most striking evidence of the deep affection which bound them together.

Of the New York people who make their far-off bow to us in Brevoort's opening letter, the most noted is DeWitt Clinton, then Vice-President of the United States, and almost at the termination of his long and distinguished life. Gulian C. Verplanck also enters; and him we shall meet often in this correspondence; nor has his reputation as historical student and critic altogether faded out of the memory of old New Yorkers. Perhaps, however, he is best remembered for his indignation at Irving's *Knickerbocker's History*, which

Verplanck condemned as an unfair caricature of Dutch manners and character.

Two ladies who figure in this same letter, as in so many of those from Irving, are Mrs. Renwick and Mrs. Hoffman, the latter the mother of Matilda whose early death had robbed Irving of his fiancée; the former a woman who in her girlhood had been immortalized in the songs of Robert Burns, and who throughout her long, brilliant, and brave life retained in extraordinary degree the admiration and affection of both Irving and Brevoort.

The letter of the following month is devoted almost entirely to matters of the drama, and the account of the dinner given by Cooke, the actor, is one of the most delectable anecdotes in the record of the New York stage. In November, 1810, George Frederick Cooke made his first appearance in America, in the character of Richard III., and began a second engagement at the Park Theatre on the 1st of February, 1811, as Shylock. This brilliant

Irishman was perhaps the greatest of the early actors in New York. The monument erected to his memory through the generosity of Edmund Kean still stands in St. Paul's Churchyard on Broadway, and brings him to the minds of some of the more leisurely passers-by among the hurrying throngs of to-day.

In far different vein is the next missive. Brevoort has left New York and is now associated with John Jacob Astor in the fur trade. He writes to Irving from Mackinac and gives notable descriptions of his canoe trip from Montreal. A second letter from Mackinac takes up a topic which, even after the passage of more than a century, we Americans cannot contemplate without a sense of regret bordering on shame. The treatment of the Indians by the early settlers involved acts often ruthless and sometimes criminally aggressive; and Brevoort's intense desire to mitigate the wrongs suffered by the Indians had a humane as well as a practical basis.

Even Jefferson, who during his administration had shown himself generally fair-minded towards the red men, so shared in his countrymen's wish to acquire Indian territory as to condone acts which were essentially deeds of unjustifiable barter. The French under Napoleon, as well as the English, treated the savages with more consideration. The Americans, at the time of Brevoort's letter, were committing acts, both in hunting upon Indian territory and in acquiring that territory, leading inevitably to Indian warfare. The expostulations of men like Brevoort could not avail in stopping a procedure which we must to this day shield under the doubtful ægis of the phrase: "survival of the fittest."

Brevoort's letter has an amusing paragraph wherein he invokes divine Apollo to avert his face from Irving (whom Brevoort calls the "renowned Knickerbocker") until his friend shall have finished his clerical work and turned again from commerce to literature; and, fur-

ther on, there is another reference to Irving's *Knickerbocker's History*, which had already found its way into the far outposts of the Indian territory.

In the third of these Mackinac letters Brevoort continues his advocacy of the rights of the tribes and gives a vivid account of a scene in which an Indian magician gets in touch with one of his Manitoos; but, for us, the most notable paragraph in this letter is that in which Brevoort dwells on the magic "contained in that honest little word 'home.'" Irving's own letters reveal the same sentiment similarly expressed.

The lines of July 29th conclude in lighter vein the fourth of this group of Mackinac letters, a series in itself delightful, and of special note if we accept the family tradition that Brevoort was the first New Yorker of any eminence to dwell on that island.

After he had returned to New York, Brevoort's parents offered him what was then

considered the greatest of opportunities: a visit to Europe. He sets out, and, at Paris, his next letter to Irving is dated April, 1812. The war then in progress between England and France of course led to many exaggerations and misstatements in the English press, from which Americans gained a wrong idea of the conditions of the French peasantry,—much as (although with more truth) it has been England's policy to emphasize the economic hardships of her enemies in the present war. Brevoort gives Irving reliable and first-hand information, adding to his remarks concerning the peasantry news relating to the Emperor and his plan of campaign. We meet with personal descriptions of Napoleon and the Empress, whom Brevoort saw at the opera, and to whom, much to his indignation, he was not introduced, because of the neglect of Mr. Barlow. His interest in new scenes does not make him forgetful of Irving's affairs, and in his request for copies of *Knicker-*

STATE OF NEW-YORK.

By DANIEL D. TOMPKINS, *Governor of the State of New-York,*

General and Commander in Chief of all the Militia, and Admiral of the Navy of the same:

TO Henry Brevoort Junior, esquire ——— **Greeting:**

Reposing *especial Trust and Confidence in your Conduct, Patriotism and Valor,* **I do by these Presents,** *Commission and assign you the said* Henry Brevoort Junior ——— *to be* First-Lieutenant *of a company of artillery to be called Hamilton in* ~~detachment of~~ *the Militia of the State of New-York, organized and called into the Service of the United States by General Orders, dated twenty-seventh day of August last* . . . . **You are therefore,** *pursuant to the trust reposed in you, to take the said* ~~detached~~ *company* . . . *into your care as first-lieutenant* . . *thereof, and are faithfully to observe and follow all Instructions, Directions and Orders which you may from time to time receive from the* Commander in Chief *of the said State for the time being, and from others your Superior Officers, according to the Laws Organizing and Relating to the Militia, and the Rules and Discipline of War.*

In Testimony whereof, *I have caused the Seal of the State of New-York, for Military Commissions, to be hereunto affixed, at the City of Albany, the* Sixth . . *day of* September ——— *in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fourteen, and in the Thirty-Ninth Year of the* **Independence** *of the United States.*

FAC-SIMILE OF HENRY BREVOORT'S COMMISSION AS FIRST-LIEUTENANT

bocker's History and *Salmagundi* for presentation to Madame D'Arblay we have the earliest evidence of Brevoort's continued activities in furthering the literary fame of his friend.

It was but six weeks after the date of this letter that the War of 1812 began, only five days before Great Britain's Orders in Council (the immediate cause of the conflict) were repealed. Worthy of notice is it that in Brevoort's letters from Europe during the years 1812 and 1813 the war with Great Britain plays a minor part, so much more does he seem to be interested in matters of literature, science, and art; but that neither he nor Irving was devoid of the patriotic spirit which animated the young men of those times is proved by Brevoort's acceptance of a commission as Lieutenant in the "Iron Greys" and Irving's service as Military Attaché on the staff of Governor Tompkins.

The Edinburgh letter of December 12th,

1812, begins with a reference to Irving's brother Peter, who, throughout this correspondence, is often alluded to as the "Doctor," a title due to some early medical studies, and kept up by his friends as the nickname by which he was known among that small coterie of happy youths whom Washington Irving called the "Lads of Kilkenny" and whom Paulding generally referred to as the "Ancient & Honorable Order" and the "Ancient Club of New York." Almost all of these nine youths figure so frequently in the letters of the two friends that it may be well to recall some of the circumstances of their early association, and their familiar appellations.

An old wooden mansion near the then village of Newark had been inherited by Gouverneur Kemble from his mother's brother, Isaac Gouverneur, and here, in this "Bachelors' Hall" or "Bachelors' Nest," there met frequently the following group of merry young New Yorkers:

Henry Brevoort,	nicknamed	"Nuncle,"
James K. Paulding	"	"Billy Taylor,"
Gouverneur Kemble	"	"The Patroon,"
David Porter	"	"Sinbad,"
Henry Ogden	"	"Supercargo,"
Richard McCall	"	"Oorombates,"
Ebenezer Irving	"	"Capt. Greatheart,"
Peter Irving	"	"The Doctor,"

and, finally, Washington Irving who, as General James Grant Wilson has suggested, having no alias, was probably responsible for the titles of the other members of the club. To Newark they would often set forth in stage-coaches, and the pranks and pastimes of those early days at "Cockloft Hall" never faded out of the memory of the participants in its pleasures. Washington Irving, in alluding, towards the end of his life, to the gay hours spent there, said to his old friend Gouverneur Kemble: "Who would have thought that we should ever have lived to be two such respectable old gentlemen?"

Reverting to Brevoort's first letter from Edinburgh, we find him, after some caustic

comments regarding the great critic Jeffrey, giving Irving an enthusiastic description of a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, then immersed in a spirited discussion concerning opposing theories of fire and water, a controversy bringing to mind some of the early Greek philosophies. There is mention, also, of the portrait of Mrs. Renwick by Jarvis, a lovely portrait now reproduced as a frontispiece to the second of the present volumes. John Leslie Jarvis, born in England in 1780, came in early life to America, where his pictures, painted for the most part in New York and in the southern cities, made him one of the very popular artists of the last century's early decades. DeWitt Clinton, John Randolph, and FitzGreene Halleck were among the distinguished men who sat for him prior to his death in New York in 1840; but nowhere is the charm of his work more evident than in the portrait of Mrs. Renwick.

The next letter from Edinburgh, dated

March 1st, 1813, is not alone the lengthiest epistle in the entire Irving-Brevoort correspondence, but is in all probability the most extensive letter of its kind ever written either to Irving or to any other American author. Beginning in a vein of sentiment mingled with humor, with amusing references to the well-recollected table in Brevoort's library at Mrs. Ryckman's lodgings, (a room then occupied in solitary splendor by Irving,) Brevoort soon launches into an account of literary and theatrical affairs. He sees Kemble perform; meets him at Walter Scott's, and hears him expound the principles of the drama. Mrs. Siddons; Talma; Clairon, the French actress; David Garrick; Cooke, Lister, Mathews, and Braham, with other comedians and tragedians famous in the record of the stage, enter these pages, emphasizing anew how keenly interested both Brevoort and Irving were in the art of the actor,—an art which Irving, during his stay at Dresden in 1823, sought to

emulate in more than one amateur performance. In the course of this talk of actors and acting, we find Brevoort quoting a phrase of Kemble's that deserves to be perpetuated on account of its felicity. Speaking of Cooke's journal, Kemble confided to Brevoort that its reliability was not to be accepted, as Cooke "was prone to draw upon his drunken imagination for his sober facts."

A man of letters who figures in a passing way in this epistle is William Roscoe (whose name Brevoort spells "Rosco"—this being only one instance of numerous misspellings both as to proper and common names, errors which have been preserved in the text of these volumes). While Roscoe is remembered among historians by reason of his lives of Lorenzo de' Medici and Leo X., he has a more appealing claim on lovers of books because of a poem which he wrote after pecuniary troubles forced him to dispose of his cherished library; and as it is a poem which seems to have been

almost lost sight of in the course of time, one may be pardoned for yielding to personal predilection in reprinting it here.

SONNET

ON PARTING WITH HIS BOOKS

As one who, destined from his Friends to part,
Regrets his loss, yet hopes again erewhile
To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
And tempers, as he may, Affliction's dart,—
Thus, loved associates! Chiefs of elder art!
Teachers of wisdom! who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
I now resign you; nor with fainting heart—
For, pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
And all your sacred fellowship restore;
When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with Mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

But a far greater author than Roscoe comes in for extended comment in Brevoort's Edinburgh letter. It is here that he gives a notable portrait of Walter Scott, writing of him that "Scott is the man of my choice; he has not a

grain of pride or affectation in his whole make-up. Neither the voice of fame nor the homage of the great have altered in the least the native simplicity of his heart. His days are spent in the domestic endearments of an amiable family and in the society of a few selected friends whom he entertains like Mæcenas, and never fails to delight by setting an example of perfect good humour and harmless conviviality." In a further paragraph Brevoort informs Irving of a bit of news that may be unfamiliar even to some of Scott's present-day admirers—that Scott was a dramatist as well as a poet and a novelist, Erskine having in his possession "an important tragedy written many years ago." To this same William Erskine, suspected in literary circles of Edinburgh as being the author of the *Bridal of Triermain*, Scott addressed the introduction to *Marmion*.

We shall soon see how Brevoort's liking for Francis Jeffrey, then famous as the caustic

editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and later eminent as Lord Advocate for Scotland, increased to such an extent that when Jeffrey visited America he brought with him many letters of introduction from Brevoort; but in the present missive, Brevoort's opinion of Jeffrey led him, with full recognition of the great critic's brilliancy of conversation, to emphasize his foibles and to recognize with keen vision that Jeffrey "is blessed with such an immaculate degree of taste as to contemn everything in the whole world both morally and physically,"—an epigrammatic analysis much to the point.

Apart from Scott, the man in Edinburgh who most decidedly roused the enthusiasm of the young New Yorker was Professor Playfair, a Scottish mathematician and natural philosopher whom Jeffrey describes as "possessing in the highest degree all of the characteristics both of a fine and beautiful understanding";—while Brevoort

writes of him that he is "a man who unites the profundity of a Newton with the simple soul of D'Alembert, whom it would be as impossible to describe as it would be vain to imitate." This is as ardent an expression of admiration as Brevoort ever voiced; and in our own days, when, even among scholars, the murky clouds of war have in all countries dimmed the faculty of impartial judgment, one likes to think that Brevoort's enthusiasm for this great Scottish man of science was based on the intellectuality, catholicity, the dominating liberality of Playfair (whose very name is sentient with significance, like the characters in *Pilgrim's Progress*). There is no lovelier tribute from a scholar to his teacher than in those lines where Brevoort writes: "His mind is lifted above all National prejudices. He sees and encourages merit from any quarter of the globe with an equal eye of approbation and will condescend to receive the opinions of a child." Nor shall we forget that when these

words were written Europe was involved in the Napoleonic period's titanic struggle.

Many personages known to fame are present in the next letter, written June 24th, 1813, at London, where Brevoort, accompanied by Peter Irving, had arrived a fortnight earlier. Distinguished women figure preponderantly in these pages. Brevoort meets Joanna Bailey and Miss Edgeworth; sees, at Drury Lane Theatre, the great Madame de Staël with her "very reverend black beard and features that correspond to it"; hears Mrs. Siddons read the whole play of *Hamlet;* describes Madame D'Arblay whose *Evelina*, now almost forgotten, vied in popularity with the works of her rival French novelists. His words concerning the sublimity of Mrs. Siddons' art, when "the theatre echoed with sobs and shrieks and 'Bravos,'" recall the emotional power of that supreme tragic actress of England; and this intense scene finds an amusing contrast in the following para-

graph where we read of a travesty on *Hamlet*, acted at Lister's benefit, in which Ophelia presents to the King and Queen a bunch of parsnips and a head of cabbage—munching the while "a stout turnip."

Of the memorable men who here pass through Brevoort's pages the poet Campbell, the philosopher Sir James Mackintosh (one of whose writings, translated by Madame de Staël, influenced Europe's opinion of Napoleon), the astronomer Herschel, the Swedish Ambassador De Kantzow, and John Howard Payne, actor and author, whose *Home, Sweet Home* assures his fame, attest the variety of circles to which Brevoort had admittance. Here, also, we find mention of introductory letters for Francis Jeffrey. But most important of all is that brief paragraph in which Brevoort tells Irving that he had given Walter Scott a copy of *Knickerbocker's History* and that he was enclosing Scott's letter in reference to Irving's work.

Although this letter is familiar to students of Irving's life, and its importance in the history of American literature well understood, there is in this connection an interesting circumstance that has, it would seem, never yet found its way into any biography of Irving. Brevoort writes that he had sent Irving's volume to Scott "in return for some very rare books that he gave me respecting the early History of New England." These books were presented to Brevoort as a result of conversations in which Brevoort had related to Scott presumably those very experiences among the Indian nations which are recorded in the missives written to Irving from Mackinac. Scott had at one time intended to write on the American Indian, but later gave up the idea; and finding how much immediate and personal information Brevoort had on this subject, he donated to his young American friend his own rare books on early New England history, in the hope, no doubt, that Brevoort himself

would some day issue some such work as had been the subject of their conversations. This hope played through Brevoort's mind at various intervals throughout his life; and, when we consider his decided talent for writing, we must regret that later cares and responsibilities prevented its fruition.

A number of years intervene between Brevoort's London letter and that which here succeeds it, a letter written from New York in 1818. In the meantime Brevoort had returned to his native city and Irving had left it. Not till 1830 was Brevoort to revisit Europe, two years prior to Irving's return, after an absence of seventeen years, to America. During their lengthy separation Brevoort remained ever loyal to the interests of Irving, ever ready to put his intellectual as well as his financial resources at the disposal of his friend.

This part of their correspondence begins with an account of a scurrilous attack on

Brevoort in the form of an advertisement in a newspaper, an attack which Brevoort met by personally chastising the offender, who seems to have been a man unworthy of being challenged, in the usual manner of the day, to a duel. A duel is, however, mentioned in the same letter—that between Perry and Heath, brave men both, where Perry, to make reparation for his wrongful attack on Heath, restores his own self-respect by receiving, without returning, the fire of his opponent. Brevoort's letter abounds in all manner of personal news so welcome to the absent Irving. Paulding; the Renwicks; Jack Nicholson, the "jolly Tar"; Miss Bradish, the daughter of their old landlady; Gouverneur Kemble; the painter Jarvis, and others pass in review; while Irving's old chief, Daniel D. Tompkins, now Vice-President under Monroe, asks Brevoort solicitously concerning Irving and expresses a desire, that friends were so often to reiterate, for his speedy return to America.

INTRODUCTION

With Brevoort's next two letters we arrive at a significant period in their long friendship when matters concerning the publication of the *Sketch Book* were undertaken and carried through largely by Brevoort, who purchased the paper, attended to the proof sheets, and made arrangements with publishers and booksellers; thus in many ways rendering assistance to Irving at a time when, after the shattering of his prospects in commercial life, success along literary lines was so necessary and determining a factor in his career. Nor were Brevoort's services limited to the immediate phases of manufacture and sale, for it was he who wrote a commendatory article in the *Evening Post*, which led Irving in his letter of September 9th, 1819, to say how he had been touched by the manner in which the editor of the *Post* had noticed him.

Many families besides that of the Irvings felt the economic hardships of those years, and in his following letter Brevoort recounts

how "the whole aspect of domestic life has changed since you left us—all the ordinary sources of industry seem to have closed—a great portion of the Houses of the City are to let and the inhabitants obliged to seek a livelihood elsewhere." He adds, however, that even amid the pressure of the times, Irving's work increases in popularity; and with characteristic good judgment he speaks of the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, (which had just appeared,) as "one of the best articles you have ever written."

In this letter Brevoort sent a pamphlet which must have both interested and depressed Irving: the correspondence between Decatur and Barron. Both Decatur and his wife, it will be remembered, had been fellow lodgers of Irving and Brevoort in Rector Street, and Decatur had wished to have Irving accept an appointment at Washington in connection with the Naval Board. While serving on the Board of Navy Commissioners, Decatur had

made some remarks criticizing Commodore Barron—remarks which, in spite of the long correspondence that followed between the two men, led to a challenge which Decatur felt obliged to accept. Twelve years earlier, Decatur had served as a member of a court-martial appointed to try Barron for having surrendered the *Chesapeake* to a British man-of-war; and it was Decatur himself who was next given command of this famous frigate. Not impossibly the memory of those events made Barron unwilling to be satisfied with anything less than the arbitrament of arms. Both men were wounded in the duel, Decatur fatally.

To Irving, now at Paris, Brevoort addresses his next letter, in November, 1820, replying to Irving's letter of September 22^{d}, wherein is first broached the project to navigate the Seine by steamboat. Irving's brothers in America, Ebenezer and William, considered with grave doubt the commercial enterprise in which Washington and Peter were engaging;

but Brevoort, while expressing his fear that the scheme would not prove profitable, was yet ready to help his friend in financing it; and it was on Brevoort rather than on his own brothers that Irving drew for the funds to whose payment he had already committed himself.

Brevoort's next letter gives Irving news of affairs at Columbia College, where their friend Renwick has been appointed to the Professorship of Experimental Philosophy and Chemistry. Columbia at that time had five professors in all, of whom Anthon and McVickar still remain noted names in the annals of teaching. Brevoort observes that "the trustees seem resolved to raise the reputation of Columbia to the first rank"; but it would appear that the funds were not adequate for much immediate development.

From college matters Brevoort turns to topics of the stage. In the previous November, Edmund Kean had made his initial ap-

pearance before an American audience, and his success in Shakespearean and other rôles stirred the admirers of Cooper to a high pitch of envy. As soon as Kean's engagement in the Anthony Street Theatre ended, Thomas A. Cooper began his, playing many of the same parts. This amusing stage warfare attained considerable proportions in those times when the theatre was an important institution in the social life of New York. Kean's weakness of moral fibre did much to abbreviate public esteem, and his refusal to play before a Boston audience on account of the paucity of spectators so aroused public indignation as to cause his early return to England. Several years later, when he returned to this country, the irritation against him broke forth into one of the most disgraceful riots that ever took place in a New York theatre.

Brevoort's next missive is in reply to Irving's of the 10th of March, wherein the author of the *Sketch Book*, who was so success-

fully establishing the good name of American literature abroad, answers, not without a touch of resentment, the attacks that had been made on him for remaining so long from his native land. Brevoort sees the cogency of his friend's arguments and, henceforth, that topic is allowed to rest. As if in reply to Irving's own candid exposition of his more intimate feelings, Brevoort now writes in a most personal vein concerning his own aspirations and capabilities: "To leave this world with a mere *hic jacet* is too mortifying to be endured"; but he breaks off suddenly to give Irving news of Paulding, Verplanck, the Coopers, Beekman and Astor, Nicholson, the Hoffmans, and other New York families, flavoring his potpourri of pleasant gossip with just a touch of scandal.

In the postscript mention is made of Irving's picture by Newton which "will be exhibited next week in the Annual exhibition of the Academy of fine Arts."—No doubt it was

because of this picture that Brevoort kept the catalogue of that exhibition among his papers, where we find it, stained with age,—a most entertaining little pamphlet. One hundred and twenty-nine paintings were shown in this seventh exhibit of the Academy, of which ten were by John Trumbull. No. 46, entitled merely *Portrait of a Lady*, is by Jarvis,—very possibly the portrait of Mrs. Renwick; No. 47 by "J. Newton" is listed as "*Portrait of Washington Irving, Esq.*, lent by H. Brevoort, Esq." Newton, the talented nephew of Gilbert Stuart, had become a close friend—through the artist Leslie—of Irving's in London, and Leslie's *Autobiographical Recollections* record many pleasant hours spent together by these three young fellows of talent. The early death of Newton remained for both of his friends a lasting grief.

But apart from Newton's portrait, there are many points to arrest attention in this catalogue of the Academy's seventh show. The

names of the directors and officers include various of Irving's friends. John Trumbull is the President (which partially accounts for his full representation in the exhibition); John R. Murray, the Vice-President; and Charles King, William Gracie, Gulian C. Verplanck, James Renwick, and Henry Brevoort are among the nine directors. Adding to this number the Treasurer and the Secretary, one notes with amusement that the fourteen academicians exceeded by the close margin of one the total number of directors and officers. But even more amusing is the get-up of this little catalogue. Lengthy passages from Shakespeare and Voltaire, stanzas from Scott, and quotations from the Bible accompany some of the paintings of Trumbull, Newton, and West; while in cataloguing a picture by Guido, the careful officers saw fit to append the statement, "Undoubted Original." Of historical note is the information with which the catalogue concludes, recording that "the re-

maining Pictures in the Library with uniform frames, are part of the valuable donation given to the Academy by the Ex-Emperor Napoleon on his being elected an honorary member."

Two other letters of this same year, 1821, treat of both business and literary affairs of Irving, and give to the absentee considerable direct news of his brothers. It is the last year of the life of William Irving, a man whose poetical abilities and distinct wit had shown themselves in the early years when with his brother-in-law James K. Paulding and with his brother Washington he had made *Salmagundi* the talk of the town. He had served in Congress until, in 1818, ill health led him to resign, and he had ever been a loyal guardian of the interests of his young brother. Ebenezer, whom Brevoort characterizes as a real philosopher, was an equally attractive personality, and of even greater service in taking charge in America of Washington's writings. Peter Irving, the companion of both Henry Bre-

voort and of Washington Irving in their travels abroad, has a place in the record of New York journalism as the publisher of the *Morning Chronicle*, which began its career in 1802; and figures in literature as having planned with Washington the work which eventuated as the famous *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. The fourth brother, John Treat Irving, also had a literary bent, early in life made evident by his poetical contributions to the *Morning Chronicle*, but his chief reputation centres in his career as lawyer and judge. That all five of the Irving brothers enter into the pages of these letters of the year 1821 adds in an intimate way to their interest.

If we turn to Irving's letters to Brevoort, we shall find one written in June, 1822, and one belonging to the month of December, 1824, the only recorded epistles between the years 1821 and 1825. That these ever reached Brevoort there is no evidence, and certain it is that the long hiatus in their correspondence was a

source of regret to both of the friends; Irving, in his sensitive way, fearing that Brevoort had perhaps lost interest in him, while Brevoort surmised that Irving's wanderings and literary pursuits were the cause of his silence. Certain it is that letters went astray on both sides, and a misunderstanding resulted. On New Year's Day of 1827, Brevoort, in answer to the reproaches of Irving reported to him by Ebenezer, takes pen in hand, and in the most cordial spirit proceeds to bridge the gap. He repudiates the suggestion that occupation with his own affairs has made him insensible to the career of Irving. After referring to the episode as "the only instance of discord that has ever risen between us," he adds, "let us then, my dear Irving, begin the new year by a renewal of kind and affectionate recollections, and by frank and frequent interchange of our sentiments." He continues with voluminous details concerning many friends and acquaintances, among whom we note with

particular interest the name of Philip Hone. Hone, one of the most prominent characters of the New York of his time, had just been defeated for re-election to the mayoralty, and Brevoort, after alluding to the manner in which he was defeated as an insult to so worthy a man, remarks, "sic transit &c." But, curiously enough, to the very event which led Brevoort thus to comment on the passing of "gloria mundi" is due the continuance of Hone's posthumous fame. As financier, as politician, as philanthropist he would, for all his excellent traits, long since have been an obliterated figure on the palimpsest of our city's history. But the diary that he began in 1827, after his mayoralty had ended, remains a fascinating chronicle which will continue to keep his name alive as long as the past of New York makes appeal to its citizens.

Brevoort's letter is so full of amusing gossip that only a few of its paragraphs can be referred to here. But we must note his charac-

terization of James Fenimore Cooper, "Mr. Spy Cooper," as he calls him, a man with "a rough and confident manner of expressing himself," but "a right good fellow at bottom." Cooper, Brevoort had come to know well at "The Lunch," a prandial club which included artists, authors, and men of affairs who found much enjoyment in one another's company. Anecdotes of old Major Fairlie enliven the epistle, and his comment on the deaths of Jefferson and Adams, where Fairlie observes of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, (now the only surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence,) "Well! the old boy is left in a fearful minority," is a witticism that binds with a strand of humor the days of the Revolution to the epoch of half a century later.

Irving was more than glad to respond to his friend's advances, and his April letter from Madrid restores the status to its old warmth. Brevoort's reply in November, 1827, contains not alone expressions of personal affection,

but, in its reference to the *Life of Columbus*, assures Irving (who has had some doubts on the subject) of the cordiality of American public opinion towards him and his work. The doings of many of the friends of their youth are recorded for Irving's benefit, while FitzGreene Halleck and William Cullen Bryant come in for pleasant comment.

In the next letter, Brevoort is seen again in his old capacity as Irving's literary adviser, having a hand in arranging matters in connection with the publication in America of the *Life of Columbus*. He discusses with business acumen the most advisable manner of having the book reviewed in Walsh's magazine, and tells Irving how a preliminary review of Scott's *Napoleon* had greatly aided the sale of Sir Walter's book. While Paulding, Campbell, Ogden, Renwick, Verplanck, Nicholson, and others of the friends with whom we have become familiar enter these pages, there is here, for the first time in this correspondence,

mention of an old-time character whose memory it is pleasant to recall. Dominick Lynch was a wine merchant to whom New York is indebted not alone for Chateau Margaux, but for Italian opera. A man who brought pleasure wherever he went, Lynch was a foremost figure in musical circles, and himself a singer and player of decided attainment. The embodiment of gaiety, he held a position in New York society akin to that in London of Thomas Moore, many of whose songs were composed for this friend of Brevoort and of Irving.

Here, too, Andrew Jackson makes his first appearance among these manuscripts. His defeat of Adams, and his ascension to the presidency in 1828, were to work many changes in the fortunes of Irving and of many of his acquaintances.

The success of the *Life of Columbus*, the enthusiastic comments of Chancellor Kent, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and others whose good

opinion must have been flattering to Irving, are among the topics of Brevoort's next letter, where a recountal of the excellent arrangements made by Ebenezer Irving and Brevoort in increasing the circulation of all of Irving's writings is further evidence of Brevoort's helpfulness towards his friend.—Announcement is made of the advent of another child[1] in the Brevoort family, which had already shown itself more prolific than the head of the house had expected. Brevoort gives the news with that touch of humor which often sparkles from his lines: "You see my dear fellow that my works are nearly as numerous as yours; whether they will live as long & be as kindly treated by the world is rather questionable."

In the following March, Irving's writings on Spanish subjects come in for further discus-

[1] *Constance Irving Brevoort. Her son, Mr. Robert Sedgwick, married his cousin, the granddaughter of Henry Brevoort's only sister, Margaret Brevoort Renwick. It is to this Mrs. Sedgwick that the editor is under obligations for many courtesies in connection with the present publication.*

sion, and many social topics are broached, including the "numerous masquerades which now infest this crack-brained city." Jack Nicholson (to whose friendly intervention Irving owed his first appointment in the diplomatic service) and Paulding are written of most entertainingly, though there is a touch of regret where the latest works of Irving's old collaborator are characterized as those of "a mind that seems to have stood still whilst all the world has been advancing in knowledge." Andrew Jackson, now in the presidential chair, "seems determined to provide for those who have bawled loudest in his praise."

The next month finds Brevoort going into careful detail regarding the steps that had been taken to assure the successful disposal in America of Irving's writings, especially the *Life of Columbus* and the *Conquest of Granada;* and Brevoort suggests further subjects of early discovery and conquest as themes for Irving's pen.—A line of political news catches the eye:

"Mr. McLane of Delaware is appointed envoy to the court of St. James." It was this diplomat who was so soon to become Irving's chief, and whose duties Irving later assumed as Chargé d'Affaires at London.

The offer of an appointment as Secretary of the Legation in London is announced to Irving by Brevoort in his letter of May 31st, 1829, an offer made by the Secretary of State, Martin Van Buren, without consulting President Jackson. He, of course, gladly confirmed the appointment after Irving had expressed his willingness to accept,—an acceptance no doubt influenced by Brevoort's emphatic advice in that direction.

The next missive belongs to this same year, a letter introducing Samuel F. B. Morse to Irving. Morse was then known only as one of the best of the American painters and the founder of the National Academy of Design; while it is for a far different reason that posterity preserves his memory.—Columbia College

affairs in connection with the election of a new president are made the subject of an amusing paragraph in which are spoken of as favorable the chances of William Duer, who "with a wife and ten children wants the place."

His own large family was one of the reasons which led Brevoort to determine in 1830 to revisit Europe. He desired to afford his wife an opportunity to "escape from the thraldom of the nursery," and he wished his elder children to have the benefit of education abroad. So in March he writes to Irving of his approaching departure and speaks of his gratification at so soon "taking you and your brother Peter by the hand."

Brevoort and his party arrived in France in June, but it was not until August that Irving, who was immersed in his duties as Secretary of the Legation, could leave London to meet his friend at Paris. In the interval he receives two letters from Brevoort, giving news of

what is happening to him and his family in the French metropolis, and in one of them commenting on the distasteful phases of that official life which was so at variance with Irving's inclinations and temperament. After Irving's return from Paris, his chief, Mr. McLane, left him in charge of the legation in order to take his own vacation in Paris, a visit that is noted by Brevoort in the letter of September 25th, 1830. It was while McLane was there that he received a communication in which Irving discusses the qualities of Talleyrand who had recently been appointed as Minister to England by Louis Philippe. Irving deprecates the Talleyrand policy,—one, as he says, "not suited to a free country and a frank and popular government"; and he adds—a characteristic sentence—"I question the greatness of any political talent that is not based on integrity."

Matters relating to the Revolution of 1830 find their way into the next Paris letter from

Brevoort, where he records an interview in which the Citizen King tries to propitiate, with the title of Honorary Commander in Chief, the old General Lafayette who had been deprived of his command of the National Guard.—"How would your Majesty be pleased with the title of Honorary King of the French?" answers Lafayette.

Brevoort's series of Paris letters continues in March, 1831; and again he takes up affairs of France, the feebleness of its government, the depressed state of its industry and commerce. From these he passes to Polish and Italian questions, and then to the Reform Bill in England, contrasting the orators of those days with Burke, Fox, and Pitt. In this portion of the letter two names arrest the attention as those of English statesmen who are entitled to American gratitude. There would probably have been no War of 1812 if the views of Brougham and Alexander Baring could have determined events. Both these

men deprecated hostilities towards American commerce, and the latter's *Inquiry into the Causes and Consequences of the Orders in Council* is a volume apposite to-day. Its author (who, in Brevoort's letter, figures merely as "Mr. Baring") is better known to Americans under his later title of Lord Ashburton, a name that history has affixed to the Treaty of 1842 whereby Alexander Baring, then Minister to the United States, arranged with Daniel Webster for the settlement of the dangerous boundary disputes.

In the spring of 1831 Brevoort goes to Italy, and upon his return to Paris writes to Irving of this visit, and of his plans for an early tour through Switzerland and the Rhine countries. Brevoort's Italian trip was made easier for him, as far as expenses were concerned, through his being preceded by the Marchioness of Conyngham, "who established a tariff in the inns very advantageous to my purse." Brevoort's sentence arouses reflec-

tions concerning the wheel of Fortune when we pause to consider who this "ready reckoner," this economic traveler, had been. During the reign of George IV. her influence over the King was so great that not only did she use the King's horses, and have the dinners for her entertainments prepared in the royal kitchens; the splendid Crown Sapphires were worn by this then powerful lady. Her husband was Member of the Privy Council and Lord Steward of the Household, but with the death of George IV. their fortunes began to wane.

A year had passed by since the accession of William to the throne of England, and Irving was now in charge of the American legation at the Court of St. James, McLane being on the eve of resigning his office of Minister to become Secretary of the Treasury under Andrew Jackson. This appointment, to which Brevoort alludes, was due to the desire of Van Buren, Jackson's Secretary of State, to have the English mission for himself; and it remains

one of the curious events of our political history that the Senate's refusal to confirm Jackson's appointment of Van Buren so augmented the latter's popularity that in 1832 he was chosen for the vice-presidency, and four years later nominated for the presidency, defeating, among other competitors, the great Daniel Webster, who had been among the Senators opposing Van Buren's appointment at London.

Affairs of French and American interest occupy Brevoort's next letter, of July, 1831. He gives Irving the essential points of the Treaty of Indemnity negotiated on behalf of the United States, largely through the instrumentality of the American Minister William C. Rives, a treaty which adjusted the differences that began when the conflict between Napoleon and Great Britain led, as far back as 1806, to the series of Orders and Decrees (by Napoleon at Berlin and Milan) so inimical to American commerce. Gallatin and Lafay-

ette figure in this portion of Brevoort's lengthy epistle, which concludes, however, with matters relating to art. Brevoort has acquired a painting that he believes is assuredly by Raffaelle, and that he would like to have Irving's friend, the painter Newton, pass upon.

In his next letter, after writing concerning books, the education of his children, and his consternation at the rejection of Van Buren, he proceeds to give a vastly amusing recital of the sayings and doings of a curious character by the name of Carr, the American Consul at the Court of Monaco. Brevoort speaks of him as a "tall, gaunt, Randolph-looking figure," Randolph at that time being the United States Minister to Russia, probably the most grotesque and eccentric individual who ever held a high office in American diplomacy.—Delightful must have been the conversations on art matters between Brevoort and Carr, the latter having considered the purchase of two

Venuses by Titian for 1400 francs: "Perhaps they were copies but they were just as good as originals."

In May, 1832, the packet ship *Havre* (which had carried Brevoort to Europe) arrived in the harbor of New York, and Philip Hone records in his Diary: "Among the passengers is our distinguished countryman and my old friend, Washington Irving, who visits his native country after an absence of seventeen years. I called to see him this morning at his brother's Ebenezer Irving. He has got very fat since I saw him in England in 1821, looks exceedingly well and is delighted to be once more in his native city. I passed half an hour with him very pleasantly. He talked a great deal and is in high spirits, a thing not usual with him except when under excitement as he is at this moment." It is accordingly with words of congratulation upon Irving's arrival in his native land, and the warmth of reception accorded to him by his fellow citizens, that

Brevoort's letter of July 28th, 1832, begins. He adverts in a pleasant, teasing way to Irving's reluctance towards accepting public testimonials of regard, but is fully aware (again to quote Hone) that "the return of Geoffrey Crayon has made old times and associations of early life the leading topics of conversation among his friends." He then proceeds to outline for Irving, who was planning American travels with Newton, a tour that should include many of the scenes of Brevoort's own early days, and suggests Irving's "setting off from Montreal in a bark canoe with a dozen sturdy Canadian voyageurs up the Utawa or Grand River to the grand portage by Lakes Huron and Superior." Thus are we brought back to places described by Brevoort a score of years earlier.—In this same missive Brevoort announces the birth of his eighth child,[1] an event not without unusual disquietude, as

[1] *Edith Brevoort, the mother of Mr. Grenville Kane, whose generous loan of the Brevoort papers has made possible these volumes.*

cholera, then rampant in Paris, had driven the family to Fontainebleau, where is dated this letter, in which figure Paulding, Kemble, and, indeed, six of the "nine worthies" who still were, as Brevoort has it, "trusty and well beloved cronies."

Irving has returned from his Western tour by the time that Brevoort's final letter from Paris arrives. Its first pages are given to references to Pike's description of life on the prairies, Mrs. Trollope's book of monumental misinformation concerning America, and Paulding's *Westward Ho*,—volumes which led Brevoort to say that if he himself were not so averse to publicity he "might be tempted by the present curiosity of the public to ransack my mind for adventures and scenes in America," and thus recalling to us his early conversations with Walter Scott. There is mention also of Miss Martineau's *Illustrations of Political Economy*, the lengthiest work of that prolific writer, whose services were called

into requisition by the Reform politicians of her time, and whose influence in many fields was so wide-spread. The Dr. Bowring whose name Brevoort here introduces was the friend and biographer of Jeremy Bentham, and the first Englishman to be personally received by Louis Philippe after the British Government's recognition of the new French monarch.

But it is from allusions to American politics that Brevoort's letter gains its most striking significance. For here, more than quarter of a century before the beginning of the Civil War, we find discussed the questions of Slavery and of the disaffection of the Southern States. Ever since Jackson's famous toast:—"Our Federal Union—it must be preserved," had been met, at a public dinner commemorating the birthday of Jefferson, by Calhoun's reply: "Liberty, dearer than the Union," the rift had grown wider and wider until, in November, 1832, South Carolina had taken upon

herself to declare as null and void the tariffs of that year and of 1828. The Ordinance of Nullification was to go into effect the first of the following February, and war seemed inevitable; but Jackson's virile proclamation of the 16th of December, (of which Brevoort writes with such admiration,) led the Nullifiers to abandon their plan, and shortly thereafter Clay's Compromise Bill staved off the final solution of our country's severest problem. Brevoort's letter was written when the situation was at its worst, midway between the date of Jackson's proclamation and the date set for South Carolina's virtual secession. "You have no idea," he writes to Irving, "of the exultation of the friends of strong government over the impending difficulties on this side of the water. The disgraceful elopement of one of the sisters of our family they say casts a deep stain upon our house. The Carlists &c insist upon it that nothing but a legitimate king will restore us to order and

prosperity. Johnny Bull is full of brotherly sympathy, he perceives new markets for his wares. The cause of freedom is betrayed and dishonoured." In no other of his letters does Brevoort write with as much fire and ardor as he does in his discussion of secession; but, even so, he does not end without paragraphs in a lighter vein, where he informs Irving of a new patent machine for fattening fowls which "become as corpulent and fat as the late George IV. of exclusive memory"; while of John Jacob Astor he writes that "the old Gent finds me vastly entertaining, if one may judge from the frequency of his visits."

The spring of the year 1834 sees Brevoort again in America; and how frequently he and Irving were in one another's company is made evident in Hone's Diary, where, in giving the names of guests at numerous dinners and other social meetings, that old-time friend and boyhood neighbor of Irving's records almost invariably in conjunction the names of

Irving and Brevoort. Their comparative proximity rendered lengthy communication unnecessary, but we have here five letters and notes from Brevoort, all of them addressed to Irving at Tarrytown. In the first of these, written in 1834, when Brevoort was staying at the home of his brother-in-law, Professor Renwick, on the College Green, there is pathetic news of the death of the two young children of that Colonel Aspinwall who rendered Irving many services in reference to business arrangements for his works. In giving the tidings of the death of these children, Brevoort writes of the kindness of James Fenimore Cooper, "really a good man," and "the chief consolation of the Aspinwalls" in their sorrow.

The foremost item regarding New York social events which Brevoort forwards to his friend at Tarrytown concerns Trelawney, then the literary lion of the town. Trelawney is remembered through his intimacy with Shelley

and Byron, and his escape, by mere chance, from sharing the former's fate on that memorable day when the Mediterranean leaped into ill-starred fame. It was he who had snatched from the flames the heart of Shelley, an act in itself a poem. The man who had thus been caught in the glamor of Byron and Shelley possessed, in addition to literary talents, striking physical beauty—("the beau ideal of his friend Byron's Corsair," Brevoort calls him,)—and so it is not surprising that during his American travels in 1833—1835 he could hold the wondering attention of all whom he met, an attention further riveted by such characteristic feats as swimming the Niagara between the rapids and the falls, and, in the same place, holding Fanny Kemble in his arms to afford her a better view of those far-famed waters.

The year 1840 yields a brief note from Brevoort to Irving—a few lines of invitation to a dinner where the guest of honor was Mr. Rives,

the American Minister to Paris who figures in earlier letters.

In 1841 another brief note is sent to Irving, in which Brevoort urges a visit both to himself and to their old friend Gouverneur Kemble in the Highlands; whereupon Irving goes first to Kemble's, in the company of the American artist William A. West, (remembered mainly for his excellent portrait of Byron,) and then to Brevoort's, residing a few miles away in the old Beverly House, which has a place in the record of Benedict Arnold's conspiracy. Thence, in the company of Philip Hone and Brevoort, Irving makes a tour along the Delaware and Hudson Canal, penetrating into some of the loveliest regions of New York and Pennsylvania, and finding, as he writes to his sister, Mrs. Van Wart, "some of the most enchanting scenes I have beheld since my return to the United States." The fatigues, however, of these travels caused an illness which reached its height towards

the end of August, in dangerous days of fever.

Irving's recovery is made the subject of the opening paragraph of Brevoort's next letter, written August 30th, 1841; but one must question the judiciousness of Brevoort's enclosure to his convalescent friend of the verses which one of Irving's admirers had begged Brevoort to transmit.

In the same letter is recorded the death of Brevoort's aged father, whose "long gun" Brevoort now offers to Irving "in the name of the family, hoping that you may live to enjoy its possession as long, and as happily, as did its late worthy owner." In Hone's Diary the only entry for August 26th reads, "Died this day at the great age of 94, Mr. Henry Brevoort. He lived all his life on his farm, now in Broadway, a short distance above my house, which cost him a few hundred dollars and is now worth to his heirs a half million."

In the next note, Irving is asked to come

to the Surrogate's office to prove the signature of the old gentleman's will.

These brief communications give place to lengthier letters, when, after Irving's appointment as Minister at Madrid, the two friends were again on different continents. With Irving has gone as attaché of legation Brevoort's son Carson, and Irving's kindness to him is made the topic of the father's gratitude in the opening pages of Brevoort's letter of December, 1842. In less happy vein, however, the letter continues. It was a period of commercial distress in America, with confidence impaired by the Bankrupt Law, and a time when all men of means found their investments vastly depreciated. Brevoort relieves his mind by confiding some of his financial troubles to Irving, but adds, "I have no cause to complain; I bear the weight of my three score winters and summers lightly and bravely and I am surrounded by a family of intelligence and love such as falls to [the] lot of few

men, and for which I am heartily grateful to God."—Here, too, is the record of some shrewd intellectual conversation between John Jacob Astor and his friend Joseph Green Cogswell, the first Superintendent of the Astor Library. Both of these men played important parts in connection with Irving's writings, Astor in a positive way in leading Irving to write *Astoria;* and Cogswell in prompting that chivalrous action of Irving's when he relinquished to Prescott the theme of the *Conquest of Mexico.* Irving had already commenced work on the same subject, but destroyed his manuscript after his generous abandonment in favor of Prescott.

In addition to news of Cogswell and Astor, the "group of old cronies"—Jack Nicholson, Kemble, Paulding—pass in review, with mention also of Daniel Webster and Moses Grinnell (who had married Irving's niece), one of New York's merchant princes, Collector of the Port, President of the Chamber of Commerce,

and later a member of the original commission that provided Central Park to our city. But the most interesting personage to figure in these lines is Charles Dickens, whose *American Notes* calls forth intelligent comment from Brevoort. Dickens had during his stay in the United States become deeply attached to Irving, and in his last letter to him, before the departure for Spain, had written: "Wherever you go, God bless you! What pleasure I have had in seeing and talking with you I will not attempt to say. I shall never forget it as long as I live"; and he asks Irving to write to him "if you have leisure under its sunny skies to think of a man who loves you and holds communication with your spirit oftener, perhaps, than any other person alive."

Another letter, and we come to the end of the Brevoort manuscripts. It is dated October 18th, 1843. It would be difficult to conceive a missive which could more felicitously complete this correspondence that had pro-

gressed since the time when both Brevoort and Irving were in their twenties. One could almost imagine Brevoort a boy again, with such zest does he confide to his life-long friend all the little gossip of their circle of acquaintances, the amusing episodes in which members of the Astor family figure, the scandal among neighbors, and all the talk of the town. Literature enters with Bancroft, Prescott, and Cooper; art with Weir and Allston; politics with Webster and Clay, and Martin Van Buren, that warm friend of Irving and Paulding, who, his presidency over, has now retired to "Lindenwald" (which Brevoort anglicizes as "Lindenwood")—the lovely home near Kinderhook, to which Irving had only recently accompanied him. Drama and music also are represented with mention of Macready and Conti. The epistle is a very mine of news to Brevoort's absent friend, soon to be immersed in the difficulties of his Spanish mission. It is small wonder that Irving, in his reply, should

have begun with appreciation of Brevoort's "most kind and welcome letter"; but the wonder remains for us that these two men, now both past sixty, could, despite the far different lines along which their lives ran, the great distances which for so many years separated them, have thus cordially kept up their relationship in the same spirit of affection that animated them in the early days when they were looked upon as the merriest of young fellows in the little city of New York.

GEORGE S. HELLMAN.

New York: June, 1916.

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LETTERS OF HENRY BREVOORT TO WASHINGTON IRVING

LETTERS OF HENRY BREVOORT TO WASHINGTON IRVING

New York, January 19th 1811.

DEAR IRVING:—

I am still without any direct intelligence from you, although I penned you a very recondite epistle and by the advice of good-man-Curl directed it to the care of Mr. Coale, Baltimore, to be forwarded in case of absence.

As the day is uncommonly genial and my spirits at a more than ordinary elevation, I cannot possibly start off without prancing in the air like a high mettled racer. I look upon you in the light of an eastern sovereign travelling through his vast dominions & collecting from his loveing subjects their tributary caresses, judge then of my immeasurable regret in missing the glorious opportunity

of being associated with you in your pilgrimage, & thereby sharing a moiety of attention.

Since my return, my feelings are not unlike an adventurous aeronaut, who after having mounted to the third heaven, descends from his flight to the vile mole-hill of his nativity with a more confirmed sense of his insignificance. And now my dear boy with such a lofty beginning, how shall I condescend to notice the trifles that surround me without shocking both you and myself with the abruptness of my fall.—It will be somewhat diminished by commencing with Mr. Walsh's first number which has been circulated and pretty generally read; I know not the sentence of public opinion, but judging from my own I doubt whether it will be so favourable as his talents, (unquestionably of the first order) deserve. His politics are tinctured with such passionate prejudices against the institutions of his own country that I should really lament that his opinions gain many votaries.—In

spite of Mr. Walsh's contumely, the virtue and talents of the present administration are very far from being contemptible; but whether they are or not, one-half the country are their warm supporters, and I trust a large proportion of the remainder have too much love of country to gratify foreign malevolence by such an ignominious exposure of their weakness.

I insist upon it that many of these present embarrassments are not so much the result of mal-administration, as unavoidable circumstances, and whether our rulers were federal or democratic, they would have encountered the same hostile jealousy of foreign nations, and it is reasonably to be doubted if wiser measures to avoid them could have been successfully adopted. So much for his politics. As to the literary departments of his Journal, the fewness of original works & of professed authors in this Country, compels him to seek abroad for works to criticise and that province of Literature is now so ably

filled in England, that it would be a work of vain supererogation to again do, what is already so masterly done.—The books selected for the present number, are unknown to us, even after reading his remarks, for he does not offer anything like an analysis of them.

The Letters on France is decidedly the most interesting and will be the most popular part of his labours.—After all, I value not my mishapen opinion a pinch of snuff, and I should be mortified to see his fine talents neglected by his countrymen, for he exhibits nevertheless a more extensive range of thought & more abundant materials expressed in a more manly and correct style than any writer this side of the Atlantic.—

I understand the subscription list goes on slowly, and that not more than fifty names have been obtained. I shall do my best for the sake of Nicholas.—Old Dr Osborn is his most devout admirer, and declares that the best talents of the Country should be

employed to assist him. Trumbull and others of note in the East, he thinks will show themselves ready and active.

I have sent you with this three newspapers; one contains a diverting Criticism of Verplancks, on the gnat Smally and his unrivalled performance of the monkeys.—The second contains one of the numbers of Diarrhodon! The scene is laid in Paines Exch^{e}: (which is now a very fashionable lounge supported by a subscription of eighty or ninety) the personages Pintard & Billy Rose;—the last has another number of the same writer, & is written with Addisonian elegance, both as to style & thought, who the writer of it is, I know not, it is supposed to lie between Van Ness & D. Clinton.—

I am truly sorry that I have not a single article of news to communicate, except the mighty event of my quitting my present bed & board, to take up my quarters on Monday with Nick Ogden, at Mrs. Rumsey's in

Broad Way: the cause of this unexpected decampment is complicated, principally owing to that old Tabby Mary since the illness of my worthy hostess, this vile old choakpear has been invested with the purple, and has exercised her authority with unexampled tyranny—I was driven to rebel and letters of marque & reprisals were forthwith issued, but I am obliged to imitate the conduct of my cautious friend the illustrious Earl of Busaca, and make good a retreat.

Another event has happened of a nature indeed at this time distressing, and was communicated to me in a Letter from my friend Mr. Benjamin Wilson, Philadelp: it is no other than the stoppage of Mr. Dilworth, who is my debtor $10,000—I am however assured by Mr. Wilson, that it arises solely from the present stagnation of business and not for want of means. Mr. Dilworth's books have been examined and Mr. W, who is both his relation and patron & moreover a

man of inviolate probity assure[s] me that there is a surplus of $20,000—but that he must have time granted to pay.—

The loss of the use of so large a sum a* money, with other vexations & disappointments, proves at this juncture sadly embarrassing, but I trust all will go on without any serious difficulties.—

I attended the assembly last evening which was numerous and brilliant. Hen was there in all the simple majesty of her charms.—Mrs. Palmer (formerly Miss Rickets) I admire vastly; her face is extremely new and beautiful. —Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton, made their first appearance in Public, since their union; she will not do; she has already shrank to half her natural size.

Yr. Mother I understand is well; I have neglected what I firmly intended, I mean to call upon her.—I am also ashamed to say that I have not seen Mrs. Renwick, although

* *Of.*

NEW YORK, JANUARY 19th 1811

I understood from Mrs Hoffman, that she had asked for me—I am resolved—to—to—make resolutions & have just resolution enough to break them.—

I stop the Press to announce the receipt of your welcome letter from Washington City.

I admire your undaunted resolution, rejoice in your safety and am inexpressibly diverted with your adventures.

God Bless you my dear boy, and send you home soon and safe.—

H. Brevoort, Jr

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 14th 1811

New York, Feb. 14th 1811.

DEAR IRVING:—

I never seized a pen in a mood less propitious than the present, but as one may take the liberty of appearing an intimate in the most negligent undress, I shall make the best of way to the end of the paper, and venture to write an epistle without having anything to say. Judging from the success with which I have practised this modern art, among the circle of our fair acquaintance I do not think I shall hazard much by the experiment.

I am delighted with your mode of living, & applaud your plan of mingling freely with the good of all parties, for it is the most bigotted opinion that was ever begotten to maintain that the principles on which the one side found their political creed, are so immaculate & wise as to leave their opposers no other choice than the characters of fools & knaves.—Yet we see daily men of the soundest sense of either party acting upon this bar-

barous & misbegotten opinion, wilfully shutting out from their minds the light of conviction, and then protesting that all beyond is darkness & danger.—

The sage Peter Kemble who is waiting to accompany me to see Cooke in the Merry Wives of Win[d]sor, bids me warn you against the danger of keeping company with French Embassadors, who in his opinion are exceedingly apt to corrupt young gentlemen on their travels.—This prodigious youth is still an inhabitant of the Wall Street dungeon, studying the law with might & main in despite of the devil and the flesh, the latter of which as we all know being naturally disposed to rebellion.—

The cunning rogue is continually sneering at my frequent visits to "the knowing lads that are not to be had," but I have good reason to believe that the slyboots watches my outgoing, then takes possession himself and romps with the majestic Hen at Shuttle-

cock and other immoral games. Little Sue gives the most alarming symptoms of having had her morals a little damaged by bad company, but a day or two since she informs me with all the simplicity imaginable, that the Young Lioness had hung up her stocking on the Eve of Santaclaus, and found in them the next morning an elegant *Octavo* edition of Thompson—observing slyly at the same time that she did not mean to throw any imputation on the size of the Lady's legs!—

Old Cooke gave a dinner a few days ago at Hodgkinson's, to the fag ends of the Company, meaning the Manager, Simpson, Robertson, Hogg, Pritchard, Knox, Bray &c, &c, Masters Doyle, McFarland, Smally & Daige, having been excepted, which they all maintain to be contrary to the "etiquette of true politeness." —The first part of the feast I understand was conducted with great harmony jocundity etc, but about the time the third bottle ascended their pericraniums, the spirit of dire confusion

and fierce debate took full possession of them. "God save the King" was drunk standing by all that would and all that could stand except the Manager, who had not loyalty enough to rise from the Chair; straightways all was noise and uproar & the spirit of party raged furiously.—The Gallant Pritchard (who is a stout bruiser) swore in a loud voice that the Yankees were rank Cowards, had been soundly drubbed at the Battle of Bunker Hill, and that he was ready to maintain his opinion by drubbing any man who dared to differ with him. Simpson, who I learn has become a most hearty American, immediately girt himself in the armour of liberty and a combat instantly insued; Honest Simpson (who by the advice of King Peter) anticipated an easy and glorious conquest, on finding himself getting worsted turned piteously around to his adviser and requested to know whether he might not withdraw with honour, ere he fell beneath the mighty arm of the furious Prit-

chard, but his Majesty bade him persevere and like Homer's Bellona stood by him to animate the fight and 'tis whispered that his Godship (but I hope this part of the Story is rather apocryphal) lent poor Pritchard a terrible blow on the face which ended the Battle.

Robertson, who by this time felt his patriotism beginning to glow, insisted on the priviledge of taking a share in the fight, being withal a natural born American; when up rose Master Knox, who swore to defend and assist his friend & Companion de Voyage Bully Pritchard. Discord immediately flapped her brazen wings,

> And storming fury rose, and clamour such as heard in the Heaven till now, was never; Arms on Armour clashing brayed horrible discord.

At length the Mighty Cooke, began to brandish his potent Arm, swearing, that if this was the way his guests chose to honour his feast,

he would be damned but he would make one among them. The High Mettled Jockey of Norfolk (Hogg) luckily clasped the thunderbolt in his arms; finding himself safely lodged, Richard forthwith exhibited outrageous symptoms of Valour, for it grieves me to say that Capriceous Nature has mingled in the composition of her Hero some of the leaven of cowardice, which manifested itself palpably in Boston.—

Meeting Rannie the ventriloquist who is the most notorious coward & knave extant; Master Cooke requested him to return a fifty pound note which he had in England been swindled out of by him; Rannie bounced at the request and challenged Cooke to the field, when lo! the buskined Hero retreated to his room, lodged himself safely under the bed & locked the door, and the affair ended in a prosecution for loss of character by the Juggler. I must apologise for breaking thus the action of my story, and beg you to call the cowardly

anecdote an episode; an article indispensable in the relation of epic events.—

The Combatants having spent all their fury, poor Simpson, finding himself adorned with a "blackeye," and the ragged Buckingham soundly pummelled they all withdrew from the field of battle.—Little Bray during the whole of the confusion, kept himself snug in a corner, moralizing on the passing scene, and the first words heard by the company were. Fie upon it, "that Men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains"!—

Simpson has not been able to play since—I wish with all my heart the Capt had been amongst them, and that Bushel and him had come to fisticuffs; for he swears by his "liver & lungs" if ever he catches King Stephen in a situation somewhat defenceless (meaning a little cloudy or so) that he will take a full measure of vengeance for his exorbitant fines &c, &c.—

Knox, is a very indifferent actor; Pritchard I think gives great promise in the line of fine Gentlemen, his figure is extremely handsome & his voice harmonious & strong, but he is very raw & untutored.—

Cooke has played miserably to miserable houses; he is to appear soon in Kitely & Lear, & does not go South until the 16 of March.—Wood has written to John Payne to play some nights alternately with Cooke; but his offer was not considered liberal & the Young Roscius declined the engagement.— Dwyer was to have played the above nights, but thinking that Cooke would eclipse him, he wrote Wood that he might consider his engagement forfeited.—

Miss Eloise Payne is in Town & wishes extremely for the honour of your acquaintance; she is a very fine accomplished Woman, but not remarkably handsome.—

Boss, is still in existence, but considers himself as one among the dead; I am told

however this evening that the Council are at a stand owing to a meeting that took place lately at Martlings, at which, Clinton was denounced, & a committee dispatched to Albany with a copy—*

* *The end of this letter is missing.*

MACKINAC, JUNE 26th 1811

Mackinac, June 26th 1811.

DEAR IRVING:—

Mr McGillivray has just arrived & handed me your Letter; it is the first intelligence that I have received from the regions of civilization since my departure, and I swear to you that no famished epicure ever devoured the most delicious viands with more flavour than did I its contents—I look upon it as the most attentive proof of fdship that I ever received from you.

The only recompense I can make is to relate the history of my pilgrimage Letter, and as I have but half an hour to write it, I shall be brief and barren, and you must excuse the eternal repetition of the first person singular for its unavoidable.—

We left Montreal on the 16 May in a Bark Canoe & fourteen paddles, and within eleven days arrived at this place, making a distance of 900 computed miles!

I know not how to convey to you the variety

of pleasure that I enjoyed in traversing through the most wild and romantic regions in North America, for who can clothe a landscape in words?—

The navigation is obstricted by upwards of forty rapids & waterfalls, and the Canoe with about 4000^{lb}* of baggage, to be carried on the men's backs accross as many portages some of them two miles long, others over steep precipices of craggy rocks, which an inexperienced traveller would find difficult even to crawl over without the risk of fracturing his limbs;—but these indefatigable Canadians surmount every obstruction by a sort of instinct unknown in any other animal.—We ascended and descended a great number of rapids & falls with equal success; in many of them, the slightest deviation, would have dashed our frail Vessel into atoms; but we shot down them with the swiftness and unerring certainty of a

* *This would seem to be a heavy cargo for a canoe, even with fourteen men paddling! Could Brevoort have meant 400 pounds, or perhaps $4000 worth of baggage?*—The Editor.

dart from a cross bow. The rapids of the St Laurence are mere ripples compared with some of the more dangerous ones in the Grand or Utawa River; the water was often so much indurated by its rapidity that a flat stone would have floated down,—for two hundred yards distance.—

The finest break of the River is called the Chaudiere, about 350 miles from Montreal. The river abruptly descends within a distance of a mile about 200 feet, forming a variety of Falls & rapids—We were fortunate in arriving about an hour before sunfall; the whole scene was shaded with a thick mist, in a moment the oblique rays of a fine evening sun shot through this cloud of suspended vapour and were refracted into the most inchanting optical phenomina; rain bows alternately appeared & disappd & reflected their images with the utmost vivacity through the air, and presented all the variagated hues of the prism.—

Whilst I was standing at the foot of these rapids, a Canoe with savages shot down them; she appeared at first sight as if she had been tumbled from the heavens, for the height of the rapids was coeval with the horizon.

A little above the Chaudiere is a Fall, without a name, (for here are rivers groves & Falls unconsecrated by song) which is in the highest degree romantic; its height is about fifty feet descending in a thick column; a small Island divides it & the lofty pines from either side, of the River & Island, form a complete alcove, through which the Water rushes.

I could fill half a dozen sheets with discriptions of scenes in every part of this River each one of which nature has marked with distinct characteristic features— but I should fatigue your patience by my feeble attempts.

At some future day you must positively explore these unknown & unpraised retreats of Nature, and judge for yourself.

We encamped in our Tent each night

about 9 O'clk & departed in the morning at 3 O'clk.—

I was struck in some of our encampments with the novelty & variety of our nocturnal concerts.—

The booming of the Bittern was the thorough bass; its musick is the most original & melancholy that can be imagined; the Curlew, Duck, Bull-frog, Cormorant, Whip-poor-will— & Wolf complete this savage symphony.—

I have just returned from a voyage of pleasure to Lake Superior & the Soult of St. Mary's, extremely delighted.—

This Island is celebrated for its romantic situation, and scenery; and every walk offers a variety—Yesterday I discovered an Indian Catacomb in the side of a Rock filled with bones that have lain there centuries since.

We have excellent food principally caught each night from the Lake, fine White fish & Salmon Trout, some of which weigh 45 lbs and are as fat as pork: we live completly a la Savage.

MACKINAC, JUNE 26th 1811

It is extremely uncertain when I shall be able to depart for N Y—but I hope to be with you by the 1 Sept—

Mc Tavish writes me that he intends a visit to New York, & shall remain there until the 1 August—I am vexed that I cannot be there to share his company.—

We are off! The Canoe is in waiting. I cannot write six lines further, this epistle scurvy as it is must serve as a kind of circular to the Cortes for at present I have not time to write others.—

Rem: me affecy to Peter James—&c, &c, &c—& tho' last not least Mrs Renwick to whom I feel myself extremely grateful for her kind attentions to my sister.

I am,

My dr Irving,

most affy Ys

Henry Brevoort Jr

I am very glad to observe that you have crept into my shell at Mrs Rumsey's.

MACKINAC, JUNE 28th 1811

Mackinac, June 28th 1811.

DEAR IRVING:—

I wrote you a hurried epistle a day or two since, giving a confused and feeble sketch of the Scenery of the Grand River on my voyage hither; with that you must be for the present satisfied; I can only add that all I saw was 'tremendous almost' as a great author phrases it.*

At present I wish to draw your attention towards other objects.—

This letter will be accompanied by two genuine Indian Orations literally interpreted. I was present at the delivery of Siganack's speech, which was spoken amidst an assemblage of 20 Chiefs with the most forcible & graceful elocution. Ogilvy himself might have been instructed in attitudes.

These speeches I wish you could get published, in a newspaper of either party (if possible) but at all events to obtain their

* See McKenzie's Voyages—Route from Montreal to Mackinac.

insertion in one paper.—I can assure you that they convey a faithful picture of their present and anticipated distresses.—

The Indian Nations of the interior have always been recognized by the Am: Government in their treaties with them as Independent people, beyond the jurisdiction of their laws, and when the Embargo act passed an exception was made for the admission of goods from England for their consumption, but the existing law has no exception in their favour whatever.

It is to this injustice that the speeches attend as well as the imposition of duties exacted at Mackinac on European goods for their use since the reign of Mr Jefferson; the latter objection however is at present of subordinate importance to the first.—

All European goods destined to the trade of New South "West American fur Company" are now & soon will be at St Josephs, a british post 45 Miles from hence, and no

hope is entertained that Government will grant them admission; consequently the Indians within the U States, comprehending a vast number of Nations upon the Lakes the Mississippi & its tributary rivers, will be deprived of their accustomed supplies of goods.—They are in a very great commotion respecting this invasion of their natural rights as they call it, and the best informed traders are of opinion that serious mischiefs are to be apprehended.

It is a deplorable fact that these miserable wanderers have become so accustomed to the habits and conveniencies of their civilized brethren, that they are unable to exist without them—with the exception of two or three nations who inhabit the plains where Buffaloes are numerous, the bow and indian cloathing are in total disuse.—

I should not be surprised if their first hostile attempts were directed against the cattle of the Frontier settlers, and unless they find

themselves vigourously repulsed, their next attempts would be against the lives of the settlers themselves, a calamity which ought to be averted by great sacrifices.—

Not long since upon their being charged with stealing a Horse, one of their chiefs answered the claimants, that he was astonished at the injustice of the white men's demand.— What right (continued he) have you to obtain your Horse? Do you ask our liberty to come into our Forrests and kill our Deer, to bait your hooks and spread your nets in our Rivers & Lakes, to take our Fish? You first set us the example of stealing and when we follow it, you have the effrontery to reprimand us & ask satisfaction. But notwithstanding all this, we disclaim the aggression you complain of; it was the act of our foolish young men whom we cannot always control, we shall therefore give back the stolen Horse, but we caution you to beware of the future.—

On another recent occasion Gov: Hale, made

a request in Co[u]ncil to purchase a small spot of their land. They refused to sell on any terms for (said they) if we give you a spot the bigness of one of our feet, you will take up a handful of sand and scattering it as far as the Winds will blow, swear that the whole extent on which it has fallen is yours, therefore you shall not have it.—We caution you not to do as others of your Nation have done—to purchase our lands for a trifle of some drunken worthless individuals of our tribe, and make us all responsible for their acts.—We now declare that we will never ratify any sale of land unless it be done by all the individuals of our Nation, for they are all of them owners in partition.

The Am: Government instead of making them voluntary presents of goods, have since Mr Jefferson's reign established Factories (as they call them) throughout the Country with needy agents who exchange their goods for Peltries on the most niggardly terms.—

This they very properly call an Indian gift. Whereas the British Govt have a regular Indian department, & distribute cloathing, &c., to upwards of Ten thousd Indians annually, which I have ascertained from an official source, and are willing even to extend their benefactions to a still greater number.

You may form an opinion of the popularity of the two governments from these causes and judge how easily it is to overrun the cup of bitterness, by enacting a law which prohibits the admission of European goods into the U States intended to be fairly traded among the Indians, whilst the Am: Gt are unable (having no stock of Indian goods in the U S) to substitute a supply.

I wish Paulding & you or yrself alone to take the trouble of writing a prefatory note to the speeches, stating that they are authentic & whatever else you make think pertinent.

I shall depend upon your attention to my

request, as I stand pledged to have them published.—

I have read your Letter a dozen times & each perusal made me feel as if I had just left our best of all Cities.—In this wilderness one's local affections are ever tugging at one's heart; it is impossible to know by how many imperceptible fibers the soul is bound to familiar objects, until one separates from them and resides for a while remote from Civilization, then each one holds him with the force of a cable.—

Avert thy glorious face divine Apollo from the unworthy occupation of thy choicest votary the renowned Knickerbocker, but when he again supplicates thy aid & has finished copying his invoices of filthy Dowlass,* inspire him with immortal fire.

Would to Heaven you were with me in this second Eden (without an Eve). Within an hours walk, I would scramble with you to the

* *A coarse linen cloth made in Scotland.*

summit of a venerable old rock, from whose lofty head you would behold natures savage face, expanded to endless dimentions, commanding a partial view of Lakes Michigan & Huron, studded with innumerable islands and bounded by the most romantic Bays, Inlets, Promontories & Rivers, the seats of future Cities and future Empires.—Then might you indeed exclaim with Milton,

> As one who long in populous city pent,
> Where houses thick & sewers annoy the air,
> Forth issuing on a Summer's morn, to breathe
> The smell of grain or tedded grass, or kine
> Or *dairy*, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Your History is going the rounds through the Village from the Commandant to the smallest Indian Trader, so that you contribute more to their merriment & pleasure than you probably would if you were here yourself. The chapter on the right of Discovery delights them; one of the Traders swears you must have

wintered among the Indians, for you appear to know them so well.—

I shall have very little active employment, unless the Am: Govt admit the Companies goods, & I hope to leave hence by the 10 August, with Mr McGillivray & be among you by the 1st September.—

I am glad to find you so contented since you have crept into my shell, I doubt not that I shall quarter with you on my return.—

It vexes me to have lost McTavish's & Ch's & Ann's visit to New York.—

Keep Peter at his post & feed him with cantharides to excite his amorous spirits. I swear by the Gods he must triumph, he is worth a wilderness of his rivals & the fair Princess altogether.—

I salute Mrs H—— Mrs R. Gertrude Eliza, &c, &c, with my kindest regards. Remember me also in the most fdly manner to all whom I am interested about—& do not forget Inskeep & even little Mosey.—

If you think a Letter will have time to reach me on receipt of this at Montreal, write a volume—

I am

Affec Yr. fd

HENRY BREVOORT Jr.

Shew old Astor the speeches if he wishes to see them.

MACKINAC, JULY 14th 1811

Mackinac, July 14th 1811.

DEAR IRVING:—

I have now passed nearly two months and shall be condemned to pass almost two months to come, literally shut out from the busy world, without even Cowpers loop holes to peep through; in short as completely isolated as was the renowned Rob: Crusoe of your,* and ten times more idle.

All the curiosities which nature has lavished upon this romantic little Island, have been again & again explored, & I begin to wish devoutly for my departure, for it is recorded that even Paradise lost its inchantment & became a desert wild, without a companion. There is however no want of Eves in these inhospitable regions, all of whom Dr. Romaine might claim as the legitimate descendants of his sooty Adam, from the dinginess of their complexions.—

But these are not the companions in ques-

* *Yore.*

tion; I scorn such spurious offspring of our great grand mother, Mrs Adam.—

There is not a man here of the least congeniality, either of taste habits, or thinking with myself.—

I have few books; the son in law has deprived me of occupation, and the Demon of solitude has cursed me with his deadliest influence.—If by some magical device you could manage to bestride one of these Arabian steeds, celebrated in romance for their docility and swiftness, & convey yourself beside me, I would engage to go frantic with joy, which I think ought to satisfy any reasonable man of the value of my affection.—Added to this, I am surrounded by upwards of a score of Indian Traders, who being cut off from their accustomed supplies of goods from the Company, are completely set adrift upon the wide world, as desperate as so many famished wolves. The framers of this cruel law, in omitting an exemption in favour of the Indians, were

either ignorant of its fatal effects, or saw them so distantly, as to extinguish the natural feelings of their humanity.—

They have wantonly deprived an independent people of their usual supplies, without providing substitutes.—The Traders must return to their Wintering Posts; & when they are asked why they bring no goods, the whole blame will be thrown upon the Am: Govt, whose measures & policy were before, but too obnoxious, toward the natives. The consequences are therefore inevitable; hundreds of the children of these unprovided savages must starve, and their furious parents will assuredly revenge their deaths upon the unoffending whites, who inhabit the frontiers.—

These melancholy considerations are the constant subjects of discourse without the probability of melioration, and make me long for the society of my friends at home.—

What magic is contained in that honest little word home! It is impossible for a

wandering exile to speak or write it, without kindling in the soul a blaze of pleasure!—On my feelings, it operates as a talisman to dispel melancholy and animate hope; reviving all those local affections that play about the heart, and which after all our chilling philosophy, constitute the true end and charm of existence.—I have often thought that if such a reptile as myself, has the power of forming sympathies, so indissoluble towards particular persons & places, how irresistable must be the longings of the exile whose consequence and talents, made him the idol of that society which he once adorned!—

I doubt exceedingly whether my Lord Bolingbroke's eloquent remedies did not sink into despair under the miseries of his banishment.—

Let me enjoin you not to ridicule this singular train of reflections on Solitude—Zimmerman himself never wrote under the influence of such genuine feelings—I therefore commend

both your reverence & silence on a subject so sacred.—

We look for a canoe from Montreal daily, and I have promised myself a long epistle from you, but if I find that you have forgotten me in your wanderings, "I will have such terrible revenge — but what it is I know not."—

How shall I eke out this whining epistle? The exchequer of my imagination is exhausted, and the wayward spirit, will not advance a line without halting.—

I disdain to apologize for this dolour. As to a discontented spirit, I scorn it from my very soul; but somehow or other, I feel myself sunken into a state of abandonment which nothing but the company of those I hold nearest my heart can alleviate.—

Did you get the Indian speeches published? —Siganack with six of his most potent chiefs have shouldered their grievances and marched

toward Washington for the purpose of obtaining relief from the President.—

From their dignity & influence as well as the objects of their Mission I imagine there never went a more respectable deputation of Indians to Govern[t].—I would have given them a Letter of introduction to you, but it was out of their route to pass through New York, either in going or returning.—They are by far the finest looking Indians I ever saw.—Since you are fairly in for the postage of a double sheet, I will fill up the paper with a story of savage superstition, related to me yesterday by an old Trader.—On[e] night last winter a noted Indian magician, whose incantations I suspect are performed by the aid of Ventriloquism, came with a number of followers to pay the Trader a friendly visit.—Whilst smoaking their pipes around the fire, they were suddenly amazed at hearing the most lamentable cries of an infant issuing from above.—The wondering Savages prostrated themselves in fear

& trembling, except the inchanter, who very coolly bade them allay their fears, as the cries they heard were nothing else than little *Starry face*, one of his Manitoo's (sprights) who was fluttering in the upper part of the room, and signified to him that a large Bear, was secreted in a hole some steps from the cabin.—His auditors began again to take breath, when the Copper Coloured Prospero forthwith shouldered his Gun, and presently returned dragging along with him honest Bruin, having shot him in the very spot identified by his Ariel!—It is unnecessary to add that the fellow had no doubt discovered before he entered the cabin the Bear's hiding place.—Owing to a number of miracles of this nature, the natives look upon him as either the legal Vicegerent of the Great Master of life, or the very devil himself.—He occasionally folds himself into the fresh hide of a Buffaloe, and ties all his joints with sinews—in this state his prophecies are held oracular, especially if he manages to ex-

tricate himself quickly from the knots.—W. Scott must have had him in his eye.—

God Bless you my dr fellow—

H. B. Jr

Mackinac, July 29th 1811.

Blessed be the cheering sound of the voice of friendship when heard in such a dreary wilderness as this!—

Your last epistle my dear Wash: has certainly rescued me from petrifaction. I felt myself waxing fast into that blissful state; my heart began to exhibit the first symptoms, and I think it not improbable, that some future generation of Barbers might have sharpened their razors upon my poor forlorn carcas.—

"To what vile purposes may we not return—
Horatio!"

I am of opinion that a state of idle solitude, would prove a much more agonising punishment for candidates to the lower regions, than the fire & brimstone terrors proclaimed by itinerent alarmists.—The Letter within was written a few days ago under the fullest influence of

Vain Phantacies! the fleeting brood
Of woe, selfsolaced in her dreary mood!—

But the kind efforts of my N York friends & you as chief magician have (I hope) effectually exorcised the vile Demon.—I would not send it, if it were not for the purpose of shewing you how exactly our lethargic miseries corresponded though originating from somewhat opposite causes.

Oh! man, man, what a villanous compound of crudities art thou!—One moment the mercury of thy soul sinks ten degrees below despair, and the next moment (from causes inscrutable) rises again, to the highest pitch of hope & enthusiasm.

Just such a machine am I; as varient as the moon beams, that I now see, darting their quivering shadows on the tranquil bosom of the mighty Huron.—I have of late (& I know not wherefore) felt apprehensive lest I might peradventure, make my exit in this fag end of creation.—

The Savages are beginning to raise the war [w]hoop against their brethren the 'big knives,'

and I almost regret having left in N York my old perriwig, as it might possibly have been the means of saving my scalp.—

But in sober sadness, should I (my dr boy) "shuffle off my mortal coil"

"And o'er my head close the dark gulf of time!" in this villanous terra incognita, I should certainly run the hazard of being out of roll-call at the general muster; and consequently be lost to my friends in waiting upon the shadowy side of the River Styx. —Ah! whoreson caterpillar that I am; little did I ever dream of sympathising with that cream & scum of sensibility Madam Deffand!

This celebrated belle esprit, relates in her memoirs that on a certain occasion, she became marvellously afflicted at the prospect of ending her existence, in the vicinity of a brotherhood of Sulpician Monks—not so much from the terrors of dying, as from a personal knowledge that the place of sepulture had been moistened

time out of mind by these lusty prisoners of superstition.

This little anecdote certainly exhibits terrors of a 'watery grave' in an original and truly pathetic point of view!—

I have written so many Letters this evening that my eye lids begin to wag for sleep. One of them is to that little boar-pig the prince Regent in his fallen state.—I have proffered to him the balm of consolation, and took the liberty of telling him, that of all things under heaven, a *little man* impatient of adversity, is a sight, that has ever been scoffed, scouted, & sneered, by both Gods & men. I have moreover proposed a plan whereby he may be reinstated to all his shorn dignities. Remember me to James, & unless he has forgotten me, which I begin to fear.—If you chance to see the Wilkes', give my kindest regards to them, & all others who live in my remembrance.

Thine forever & ever!

H. Brevoort, Jr

Remember to the 'rugged Physics,' honest Swart:* who Mr McG. told me came fellow passenger with him to N. York.—

* *Samuel Swartwout, later Collector of the Port, whose career ended disastrously through speculations in Texas lands.*

PARIS, APRIL 14th 1812

Paris, April 14th 1812.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

We landed at Cherbourg on the 5th inst. after a passage of 26 days, during which we encountered nothing but a succession of gales, &c:—but as I am partly descended from a family of sailors, I escaped the misery of sea-sickness altogether.—I may therefore be permitted to assert, that except being under water (as the sailors phrase it) all the way; throwing a somerset against the side of the cabin, and making a fearful breach accross my nose (which is yet unclosed) together with the double curse of an execrable cook and a drunken steward, the passage was somewhat agreeable.—

I saw none of the Wonders of the deep; no whales, no Mermaids, nor not even a wave as high as the steeple of St. Paul's church; and I confess myself guilty of no other sentimental emotion than a slight twinge of pleasure on discovering the Lizard.—

PARIS, APRIL 14th 1812

Our journey from Cherbourg hither (I mean Henry Cap: Jones & myself) was through lower Normandy, by the way of Valogne, Bayeux Caen & Evreux, all Towns of the remotest antiquity, and like every other member of that gray headed family resident in France, of a most respectable, most ragged & most forlorn aspect.—At Evreux however I was first gratified with a sight of a Gothic cathedral, and although I was apprised that it was a mere min[i]ature of those I should see both in this Country & England, yet I cannot easily forget its solemn grandeur, and the sublimity of feeling with which I felt myself inspired in approaching its lofty altar.—

Within half a league of Evreux stands the ancient palace of Navarre, once the residence of the noble family of Boullon, but at present one of three palaces which form the establishment of her Imp: Maj: the Empress Josephine.—

The palace is small & the architecture not

in the least magnificent, the ground & water are however disposed with considerable art, but the situation is in a Valley, or rather a Swamp, admirably adapted to the residence of a colony of Beavers.—

As the Empress was absent on a visit to Malmaison, we were conducted through every part of her palace: the apartments (except the Saloon) are small and far from elegant, but the furniture and decorations, display a taste in the Empress of the most exquisite refinement, calculated to inspire the most exalted opinion of the simplicity and elegance of her mind & pursuits.—

Perhaps you may suspect me of having a slight prejudice in favour of her Majesty, more particularly as I have so far enjoyed her favour, as to gain admittance even into her bed chamber & private bath.—

My attention was first arrested in France by the grotesque costume and characteristic features of the Norman Peasantry.—I cannot

express to you the pleasure I felt in observing their old fashioned customs, dress, habitation, &c, for I am a lover of the olden time.—For more than 200 Miles on our way towards Paris, we saw the same ancient style of head-dress, adorning the same style of features, that existed in the times of the renowned William the Conqueror.—

An American generally obtains his notions of modern France through the exaggerated medium of English newspapers, and consequently expects to find the peasantry in a state of absolute beggary and despair.—Certainly nothing can be farther from truth.—I speak from my own observation on our way hither, and can positively state that I have never seen so rich a country, nor one half so well cultivated; for two hundred miles the country was covered with fields of grain, of the richest verdure, abundantly stocked with sheep & cattle. The peasantry were handsome of fair healthy complexions, cheerful aspect,

remarkably well clothed and exhibiting every mark of fat content.

From Evreux to Paris (about 60 Miles) we came into a vine country and I was sorry to perceive that the inhabitants had a less prosperous appearance than their more remote brethren; I also noticed that the standard elevation of the good old Norman coif suddenly fell six inches, and appeared nearly divested of its waving streamers.—

I fear I shall weary your patience with uninteresting details, but I really feel desirous of contradicting the belief of the starving state of the French peasantry by a brief recital of what I have seen.—

Behold us now in possession of an elegant suite of apartments in the Hotel de l'Empire which we have taken for two weeks.—As I have been but four days in Paris, I am not prepared to say anything that can amuse you; indeed I find that it will take me some time to accommodate myself to the vast scale on which

everything in this place is conducted; besides I have been confined the last two days by a severe cold, which is, I am told a tribute paid by every stranger on his first residence in Paris.—

Mr Barlow and Mr Warden received me with attention & kindness, and I have every reason to believe that the next three months will form the most pleasureable epoch of my life.—

As to speaking the French language, I am not unlike a person who is recovering a lost sense; every day adds to my strength.—I studied as much as it was possible on the passage, and have now an excellent master, & shall soon have an excellent——, all of which, united with my insatiate desire to acquire the language cannot fail of ultimate success.— After remaining here three months provided I get enough of the Language, I shall commence travelling.—

They tell me that at present Paris is ex-

tremely dull. The Emperour after spending some time at St Cloud shut up in close study, has gone to join his army of upwards of 400,000 men, the whole of whom are now on their march toward the North.—Cambaceres, has said that the present project outstrips all others in magnitude and importance, but upon whom the thunder will burst is known only to the Emperour himself, as it is said he has not communicated his designs to any person.—The general opinion is that Russia is the power against which his strength is levelled, but Mr Warden, who has access to good sources of information, tells me that Turkey is to become a province of France—also that all the marine towns on the Continent are to receive strong reinforcements in order to keep out English goods.—

By the Wasp I shall write to you again and send out a few articles under the care of one of the officers for yrself & others: there has not been anything published lately that could

possibly interest you, but I shall know more of that by & bye.—

Both Mr Barlow & Mr W desired me to advise Inskeep to send out 3 or 4 doz: Cop: of the Ornithology & to make a present of a set to the National Institute, and that both of them would take upon themselves the trouble of selling them.

I understand there are a number Americans going home in the Hornet, but as I have made a resolution to know as few of my countrymen as possible while abroad I scarcely know their names.—

My friend Henry has been made the dupe of a rascal under the title of Duke de Cruller, who accompanied him from Engld to America. He had an interview with the real Duke de Cruller this day who declares the fellow to be an imposter, and the proper documents will be forwarded by the Hornet to stop his career. Henry never communicated his connexion with the fellow, until we were

on the coast of France: as soon as he had finished his relation, I instantly hinted at the possibility of his being an imposter, but H would not listen to my suspicions.—

I earnestly hope Henry's character will not suffer by his connexion with the scoundrel; people should consider that it is only honest men who are the dupes of villainy.—

It would take a volume to explain the whole of the cheat; I am certain however that it would exhibit a tissue of exquisite imposition not exceeded by Semple, or even Mahomed himself!—

Henry is cut to the very heart; but he bears it like a man.—

I am so pinched for time that I have merely written a few lines to Gov: & Peter, referring them for particulars to you.—

I must not forget to observe that John E Seaman Esq., called upon me & from the extravagance of his conversation relative to the affairs of this Country, I am of opinion

that he is somewhat deranged; he will return to N Y in about 5 weeks.—He hinted that his only object in remaining here was to stop the growing power of 'this man'* as he phrases it! All this for your private ear.—

Rem: me affec: to my dear friend Mrs Renwick & her family.—

Rem: me also to Mr & Mrs Ryckman & the family, not forgetting even our Tom.—The Barrel of Apples was the most choice article on board the ship.—

I have not seen any face in France with one half the beauty of the fair Julia!—

God bless you my dear boy.—

* *Napoleon!*

PARIS, MAY 12th 1812

Paris, May 12th 1812.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

The messenger has this moment called to demand my Letters for the U States, within an hour, Mr. Barlow having ordered his immediate departure, I have therefore only time to scribble you a hurried epistle.—

In the first place Capt Whetten, will deliver into your hands a dozen superfine french shirts, which I have sent out in the Wasp, cost 28 f's each; the Cravats & pocket hkfs could not be got ready.—

In the next place, I have pitched my tent in Paris until the 1st Sept.r for the purpose of acquiring the language in the intermediate time.—To that end I avoid every person who has the misfortune to speak English, as cautiously as if they were infected with the plague, and by dint of hammering I absolutely begin to stammer a little vile French. It is a most nauseating pill, but I nevertheless advance, although my daily progress appears

(to myself) as imperceptable as the perforation of a rock by the daily droppings of water.—

My dear boy, if you were but with me to assist me in laughing at this most ludicrous, characteristic, quizzical, nonsensical & delightful of all the nations under the canopy of heaven!—I have not found any one who has any relish for my peculiar sources of amusement.—For instance, one of my chiefest pleasures is to sally forth early in the morning, and abandon my steps to the direction of chance, wander onward until the the* calls of hunger suggests* the necessity of a coach.—It is impossible to give you a journal of the ludicrous scenes which one encounters in every turn.—Afterwards I dive into one of the *Caves* under the Palais Royal and have the honour of making one in as whimsical a group of oddities as it is possible to bring together—viz: charlatins, diviners of the fates, grimace-masters, posture masters, old

* *Brevoort was, obviously, writing hurriedly.*—The Editor.

politicians, spies of the police, toe-nail cutters —dog frissieures, &c, &c.—

Your friend Bruné is in high favour with the public, and fools it to the very top of his bent.—

I shall not say anything about picture galleries, operas, plays, palaces, &c, except the little palace of Trianon at Versailles, which with its gardens laid out after the English style, exceed anything that the most fruitful imagination could have conceived: indeed so perfectly magical was the whole scene to me, that I should not have been greatly surprized to have beheld groups of Fairies, Satyrs, Genii & the whole family of supernatural gentry startg. up before me, and frolicking through "the alleys green."—

The Emperour did not set off to join the grand Army until the morning of the 9th; the Empress travels with him as far as Dresden for the purpose of seeing her family.— I saw them both at the opera a few evenings

since; his countenance did not dissappoint me, for I never thought that it announced the greatness of his character:—it bears a most striking likeness to the late prints, except that it has a more saturnine & thoughtful expression.—

The Emp^sse* has a perfect high-dutch phisiognomy & of course no beauty; she has become extremely thin of late.—

M^r Barlow has behaved to me in a manner the most indifferent & inhospitable he has (notwithstanding his voluntary promise to the contrary) neglected to present me to the Emperour, who has had a public day since my arrival.—I do not like to make complaints against M^r B—— but unless he has some better motive for his conduct than I can at present perceive, I swear to be even with him in the end, & so ends the affair for the present.—

* *Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria, and not the Empress Josephine mentioned in Brevoort's preceding letter.*—The Editor.

the whole family of superstitious gentry starting up before me, and spouting Virgil "Ne allegs gruem" : —

The Emperor did not set off to join the grand army until the morning of the 9th ; the Empress travels with him as far as Dresden for the purpose of seeing her family . — I saw them both at the opera a few evenings since ; his countenance did not disappoint me, for I never thought that it announced the greatness of his character : — it bears a most striking likeness to the late prints, except that it has a more saturnine & thoughtful expression . —

The Emp.re has a perfect high-dutch physiogony & of course no beauty ; she has become extremely thin of late . —

W. Barlow has behaved to me in a manner the most indifferent & unhospitable

FAC-SIMILE OF PAGE FROM BREVOORT'S LETTER CONTAINING DESCRIPTION OF NAPOLEON

PARIS, MAY 12th 1812

You must endeavour to find a safe conveyance for a new Knickerbocker & a sett of Salmagundi; I want to present them to Mad: D'Arblay the authoress of Evelena, &c, &c.

Have you written to me?—

I know you will think me a shabby fellow for putting you off with such a mawkish epistle as the present; but you must also recollect how impossible it is to write a good Letter from Paris.—I offer the like excuse to Peter & Gouv:—

Rem: me to the household & and do not let the insignificant space which my absence has created be filled up by a total neglect among those who know me.—

I would send you some Literary affairs, but I know of none worthy of your attention.—

I am My dear boy

Affect^y y^s

Henry Brevoort J^r

EDINBURGH, DECEMBER 9th 1812

Edinburgh, Dec. 9th 1812.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

Your brother has just announced to me from the opposite side of the table that his paper is completed filled, without mentioning my name, I must therefore seize the quill in my own defence and scrawl a few hasty sentences.—Indeed after the voluminous epistle lately sent to you, I think I stand completely absolved from the charge of laziness; probably at the expense of my weakness, for I am heartily ashamed of the crude contents of my bulky despatch.—

But to the point.—I have just written to my fd. Lherbette in Paris, to use his utmost endeavours in procuring & forwarding to New York the different periodical Journals of France, as well as those of note published on the Continent, such for instance as Kotzebue's &c.—All these are intended for the benefit of "the Independent Columbian Review" which I am happy to learn is soon to issue from Mul-

berry Street under the fostering care of Seth Handiside, Esqr, already so advantageously known to the reading world for his spiritted efforts in the cause of letters.—

At present it will be difficult to find frequent & safe conveyances from France, but I rely on the assiduity of Lherbette.—From G. B—— the Dr will of course do all that can be done for you.—

The business of conducting the work in question, besides dissipating your habitual dread of the Alms House will keep you from running up to seed in these calamitous times.— The Dr will communicate to you our notions of the best mode of conducting the work, which I think will merit your consideration.—

If by bestowing greater labour, the work is found to have a wider circulation than the printer contemplated, you have it in your power to increase your subsidy correspondently—I think however that for a beginning the man has been liberal.—

EDINBURGH, DECEMBER 9th 1812

The last Edinb: Review has been chiefly written by Jeffrey, as his compatriot Mr Brougham has been too much occupied to afford his usual assistance. Its tone of flippancy, vivacity and affected contempt for others, is strikingly characteristic of the genius & conversation of this little inky Hector.—

His opinion of the Society in N Y & Philad: is singularly ludicrous; I marvel that the polished Town of Wapping was not coupled with Glasgow & Manchester, as rivalling us in elegance.—The chief source of his American intelligence is a brother, who resided a number of years in Boston, moving in a sphere which I should judge authorises his humble opinions of American civilization.—We are busily employed in various studies, which are charmingly enlivened by the kind attentions of a most intelligent circle of acquaintances. Our stay will very likely be prolonged until the 1st of Feby, unless un-

expected events intervene, that may urge a more speedy departure.—

We attend the lectures of Prof: Playfair on Nat: Philo: Prof: Jameson, on Nat: History & Geology—Dr Hope on Chemistry & Dr Brown, on Moral Philosophy.

A few evenings ago we attended a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, where we encountered a full divan of the savans of Scotland.—Prof: Playfair read a paper which recounted a fact strongly in confirmation of the Huttonian Theory, of which he is the strong pillar of support.—This Theory supposes Fire to have been the universal agent in the decomposition of Matter, and is in direct opposition to the Wernerian Theory which maintains the doctrine of Water as having operated every change upon the surface of the Earth.—They are distinguished by the names of the Plutonian & Neptunian Systems, and have numerous partisans in the learned world—(See Prof: P's illustrations of the Huttonian Theory) ——

Prof: Playfair's paper mentioned the fact of a considerable mass of iron stone, lately discovered at some depth under Blackness Castle embedded in a large body of stratified green stone, which its magnetic properties proclaim to have been strongly ignited—as iron stone in its natural state possesses no magnetic power.—

Specimens of the latter were also shewn, dug up in the vicinity of the former.

As this fact can only be explained by the Huttonian doctrine, it will be found difficult to overthrow or disprove it by those who maintain the heretical doctrine of Water.—

Prof: Playfair is decidedly the Luminary of Edinburgh; he is universally beloved & looked up to, & is not less distinguished for the simplicity of his manners than by his genius & profound knowledge.—

He is among our acquaintance, and I am the more inclined to like him from the strong resemblance that he bears to my dear father—

who by the way, I charge you not to neglect.—

We are very much pleased with Mrs Renwick's sister in law and her beautiful flock of fairy children; I have promised to be the bearer of her portrait to America.—The portrait of Mrs R. by Jarvis,* revived many delightful recollections.—

I beg my affec^e greeting to James Gouvr & Peter.

I am my dr Washington ever ys

H. B.

* *The painting is reproduced in these volumes.*

EDINBURGH, MARCH 1st 1813

Edinburgh, March 1st 1813.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude for your kind attention to a wanderer in foreign lands without transgressing the sober bounds of reason, but as the heralds of true feeling are not words I shall be temperate.—

The lengthened period of my absence from America swells the veriest trifles into importance, and occurrences otherwise insignificant are now of great pith & moment.

The recollection of dear home can never fade in my remembrance, indeed the love of country (so far as I have been able to observe) seems to animate the hearts of Americans *abroad* with all the ardour of true Swiss.—I have been too much jostled about the wide world to feel acutely the vacant yearnings of a stranger in any country much less so in this one, where every one strives to supply the place of absent friends, and banish the pains of separation.—

But there are moments when the fit comes upon me and tugs at my heart in despite of all the gaiety and the kindness that surround me.—

I am however obliged to confess that here are girls not less lovely than those of Gotham (I should be loathe to swear to the fact) yet their beauty is not destined to shed its rays upon me.—Here are Professors, learned as our own professor Renwick, yet are they not Renwicks.—Here are promenades crowded with rival belles, yet are they not Broad-Ways.—Here are old Thebans with hats quaintly cocked and renowned soap-boilers with greasy aprons, yet are they not Harry Roomes, nor oiley Watkeys.—

Here are shops and libraries stored with the treasures of the learned, yet are they less attractive than those of the recondite Curl and eke the critical Johnny Forbes.

Here too are walks along streams consecrated to the muses by the melody of verse,

yet (ingrate that I am) commend me to the greenwood banks of old Hudson, & the tranquil shades of my native Bowery.—

You see my dear Wash, how much I long to fill the vacant chair on the opposite side of the well recollected Table in our private sanctuary, but let my remembrance fill all the vacancies in your heart as yours most truly does in mine.—

Ah! how often has that fdly Table sustained your incumbent head of a winters evening, and served for a sounding board to your nasal melody.—

What treasures of moral precepts and good humoured sallies has that Table witnessed; enough to reform a guilty world, but alas! forever lost to an admiring posterity.—My good Sir, pray you pardon this irruption of sentiment, it has long been accumulating in my heart, and would have vent in spite of all opposition.—

Soon after your brother left me, I was so

fortunate as to become acquainted with an English Gentleman Mr Jukes, with whom I have lodged ever since, and he has supplied the loss of your brother tolerably well. He has been chargé d'affaires in Persia, possesses various knowledge, attends the same lectures and moves in nearly the same circle that I do.—

I shall therefore be induced to prolong my stay in Edinburgh until the middle of April. Afterwards I shall join your brother Peter, and execute some notable plans that we have in view.—

Yr Brother, Mr* & Mrs V W, the boys & myself are all to meet in London in the month of May, so that I shall not take my departure from old England before the middle of June or first of July.—

I am eager to join you in any scheme of living that you happen to like best; private apartments would be most desirable if they

* *Irving's brother-in-law, Henry Van Wart.*

are to be got either in B Way, or in the vicinity of B Way.—I shall not mind a little extra expense for the sake of comfort, for it is a blessing with which I have now become very familiar.—

Kemble is now performing here; I have seen him in nearly all his great parts & can truly say with Cato "I am satisfied."—Though not a perfect actor, he is far beyond any other actor that I have ever beheld.—I am acquainted with him & like him well; he has the manners of a gentleman and the taste of a scholar "a ripe one too."—His acquaintance is sought by men of the highest rank and by men of the highest genius.—I dined in company with him at Walter Scotts the day before yesterday.—The party consisted of Mr Henry Mackenzie, Mr Jeffrey &c., and as the conversation turned upon dramatic poetry and upon the art of acting it was kept up for several hours with very extraordinary ability.—Kemble sustained his part trium-

phantly and entered into a minute analysis of acting and composing plays, which showed him not less master of the one than of the other.—I doubt if any person ever understood the great principles of the drama better than Kemble; his distinguished auditors listened with silent attention & approbation to his masterly illustrations.—

Shakespeare as you may imagine is his idol; he declares that after having acted characters in twenty six of his plays during the period of thirty years, he never repeats one of them without discovering some unobserved beauty, whilst in the parts of other authors after learning the words all further study is at an end.—Mrs Siddons (I understand) has declared a similar opinion.—I cannot enter into the particulars of all that was said, but it was one of the most brilliant discussions that I have ever witnessed.

He is an intimate friend of Talma and resided in the house of that great actor whilst

in Paris; he bears willing testimony to his transcendent merit beyond all his french competitors; indeed Talma stands unrivaled upon the french stage.—In his private deportment Kemble pronounces him "to be grave solemn & didactic; as every great Tragedian ought to be."—He was also well acquainted with Clairon, of whom he got many anecdotes of Garrick, particularly the one of the Spittlefields Weaver & the child that dropped from his arms into the Streets.—

I ought to have told you that Scott is also a dramatist; Mr Erskine has in his possession a manuscript Tragedy written many years ago, which is distinguished by many marks of his fine genius.

Kemble told me that he was perfectly satisfied with Mr Coopers offers, and felt desirous of seeing America, but that the War prevented his emigration. I said that the War would prove no obstacle either to his pleasure or his success—he thinks that his political preju-

dices might occasionally come in contact and render his intercourse with our society dangerous & disagreeable.—I ventured to assure him of a hospitable reception from my countrymen and strove to do away with Mrs Kembles apprehensions of a sea voyage which she greatly dreads.—I dwelt largely upon the intelligence & liberality of our best circles of society, of which they had been assured by Mr & Mrs Erskine.

But I fear the hopeless duration of the War will deprive us of the exhibition of this great actors talents. He has a large property in the Covent garden establishment, which will probably induce him to make up the breach that now exists between them, and fix him forever after in London.—He talks of taking the Edinburgh Theatre for the next year, as the wife of the present Manager, Mr Henry Siddons, has just received very tempting proposals from London.—

He goes to Dublin as soon as his present engagement in Edinb: is terminated.—

I really think we should all like Kemble both on & off the Stage—he occasionally pays too much court to the bottle, but his transgressions are not frequent nor are they followed by such disgusting consequences, as we have witnessed in the case of poor George Fred: Cooke Esq[r]—

He is now in fine health & his friends all say that he never acted better than he now does, altho' his face bears visible traces of the decaying hand of time.—

There is a comedian here of the name of Russell who is the only performer (out of London) competent to supply the loss of poor Twaits.—He is about 23 years of age, is an admirable mimic, sings uncommonly well, has a great command of features, with an irresistably comic face and possesses true humour. His line lies exclusively in low Comedy, he plays country boys with great feeling, & is equal to either Lister or Mathews in the Character of Somno, in the Sleep Walker—with

the advantage of being able to imitate Braham & Incledon to the life.—Such an actor would be a real prize to either Price or our friend Billy Wood, for I reckon him now much below what he will be.—

I will ask him how his engagement stands at present, and let you know what is his answer. I am so fond of the pleasures of the Theatre, that I should be glad in being instrumental to the acquisition of such an actor as Russell.—

Your brother desired me to enquire here for a purchaser of "Dunlaps Life of Cooke"—but this is not the proper meridian for such a work, and Balantine referred the disposal of the MS to Mess: Longman & Cº at the same time expressing great confidence in the success of such a Work.—Kemble says (entre nous) that Cookes journal is no better authority than a french bulletin, as it is a fact pretty notorious that he was prone to draw upon his drunken imagination for his sober facts.—

I fear the publication of the work in America

may injure its sale in G B—It is a thousd pities that even a moi[e]ty of the MS had not been forwarded by the Cath: Ray, for the Booksellers seldom purchase without a perusal. —I shall endeavour in all that lies in my power to promote the success of the modest Dunlap— the subject possesses high interest in G B—— They all charge us with killing the great Cooke.—

I sympathize heartily in the removal of our worthy patroon. I trust he will be well recompensed for his bitter exile.—This money getting necessity is as you justly observe a sore enemy in tearing assunder the bonds of society —I fear its urgency is often overrated—I shall return to its irksome toils with a heavy heart I doubt.—

I have written to Gov: & shall be delighted to learn how he carries on the war among those scurvy patriots of the peninsula.

What is my friend Peter about—and what is James doing?—I marvel they have not

written to me; my letters (you well know) are in common to you all.—May they never feel the pain of being neglected whilst in foreign lands; had they felt it, I am sure they would not have failed to devote an hour to the gratification of one who sincerely loves them.—But I almost absolve James in consequence of his attention to my good old parents, with whom Margaret writes me he has passed a day, yet I implore them both to write to me.—

The Histy of "Brother Jon" has been republished in a 5/ form in London—& Mr Rosco's paper in Liverpool has republished them with warm encomiums. James' sentiments do him honor—they are free from vulgar prejudice—and the disputes are managed with a great deal of humour, yet I think he might have made more of the subject by taking more time in writing the work.—The answer to it is contemptible in the lowest degree—that Drone Bristed has lost his sting, but a man is not likely to have lost what he never

possessed.—Had he wit enough to give his malice effect, he would be as acrid as Fluoric acid.—The mighty Dr Mason has singular perspicacity in finding out such rare merit, as he boasts his protegé possessed of.—

I rejoice with you my dear Washington in the recovery of Mrs Hoffman—no human being can be better fitted for the enjoyment of another & a better world, yet none can be found more precious to the hearts of her friends in this one.—

I shall not neglect your hint respecting old odd Books—I have already got a number, and shall get many more in the purlieus of London.—

The Dr shall sit for his portrait, that I may carry it with me; he never looked better, and is free from the slightest complaint—We keep up a regular fire through the P[ost] Office.—

I am glad you have a likeness of Miss Boothe; she is one of the most bewitching little sprights imaginable and I hope for

many a merry hour in her company when we meet in London.—

I am now pretty well acquainted with the luminaries of Edinburgh and confess that among them all, Scott is the man of my choice; he has not a grain of pride or affectation in his whole composition. Neither the voice of fame, nor the homage of the great have altered in the least the native simplicity of his heart. His days are spent in the domestic endearments of an amiable family, and in the society of a few select friends whom he entertains like Mæcenas, and never fails to delight by setting an example of perfect good humour & harmless conviviality.—

He never goes to large parties, and never entertains them, indeed he seldom goes abroad.—

Jeffrey excels him in brilliancy of conversation, but Jeffrey always seems to be acting a studied part, and although his social feelings may be no less warm than Scotts, yet they are more or less disguised under a species of

affectation.—His foible is an unceasing effort to act the high finished gentleman, consequently he is blessed with such an immaculate degree of taste as to contemn every thing in the whole world both moral & physical.—His friends (a limited band) esteem him a miracle of perfection, and in point of talent none will be found to contradict them, but as for the et ceteras, I would not give the Minstrel for a wilderness of Jeffreys.—

The poem that I noticed in a former Letter, "The bridal of Triermain" is not yet published; the moment it sees the light I shall take care to send you a copy.

The author chooses to be in the shade, but I fancy the sunshine of fame will soon draw him into light, for the poem has high merit, at least the two Cantos which I have been permitted to see.—

You will find the commencement of it in the Edinb: Annual Register (I think) for 1809—the last published.—

EDINBURGH, MARCH 1st 1813

The Town gives out my friend William Erskine as the author, but I suspect the Town is mistaken, although I think Erskine competent to write the Work.—Peter has probably mentioned Erskine to you; he is the person to whom Scott addresses one of his introductions in Marmion.—I owe to his particular kindness much more than I can possibly pay; but if proclaiming his excellent qualities be thought a recompense, I am bound to offer much more than he would be willing to accept.—

I have sent so many remembrances to the Renwicks, that I am ashamed to say anything further on the subject.—I know Mrs Morison a sister of Mr Gracie, a worthy old Lady whom I often visit & talk over N York topics, for she formerly resided there.—I have defended Williams Duel so stoutly, that I am not without hope of inducing the conscientious old Lady to acknowledge that she would have done as much under similar circumstances.

I might tell you a great deal about people with whom I am acquainted, of republican Lords, of whom I know two, but I know you will not care a farthing about them, therefore I shall let their names &c. repose in obscurity. —Indeed it becomes me to say something of others in order to relieve the eternal recurrence of I & my renowned exploits.—

There is one among the society of Edinburgh whom I honor in the highest degree— I mean Professor Playfair—a man who unites the profundity of Newton with the simple soul of D'Alembert, whom it would be as impossible to describe as it would be vain to imitate.— His mind is lifted above all national prejudice; he sees & encourages merit from any quarter of the globe with an equal eye of approbation, and will condescend to receive the opinions of a child—It is no wonder that the Edinb: Review has acquired such renown, when one considers that such a man as Playfair lends his mighty assistance.—You will find in one

one* of the early numbers a Review of the system of Laplace written by him.—Jeffrey has drawn his character with great spirit & truth in the Review, but I cannot direct you to the particular article. Such however was Mr P's simplicity & unconscious merit that he asked Jeffrey whom he had in view?—

Erskine has promised to furnish me with the names of nearly all the different writers in the Review since the commencement.—A new number will be published in a month—Jeffreys various occupations often delays the publication of the work.—

I have again written to my f'd Lherbette to request his attention in furnishing you with the periodical works of Literature & Science published in France—in order to escape capture I have requested him to put them in charge of trusty Captains—When I return I hope to be of some use in assisting you in conducting your work.—

* *Sic!*

EDINBURGH, MARCH 1st 1813

I have sent you an Edinb: Newspaper in which is announced a most important discovery in the means of producing cold. The writer is a Mr Hutton of this place (a Writer to the Signet)—The intensity of cold produced was so great as to congeal Alcohol—a circumstance which has never before happened. —He is now prosecuting his experiments in the hopes of congealing some of the gases, and as his discovery promises to be beneficial to his interest, he has not made known the manner of his process.—The fact stated in the paper is unquestionably true.—I advise you to publish the paper in yr work, and also insert a note from either the first or second number of Thomson's Annals of Philosophy which makes known a very recent discovery respecting Mercury by Berzelius a distinguished chemist of Stockholm.—

Dr Hope tells me that Sir Humphry Davy is now making a series of sucessful exp'ts upon Fluoric acid, the result of which he thinks

will confirm his new doctrine respecting Chlorine (oxymuriatic acid gas)—which he holds to be a simple & distinct acidifying substance, wholly uncombined with Oxygin & of a separate nature.—This is another circumstance of the highest moment for your journal.—This question now agitates the whole Chemical World; for if Davy succeeds in establishing his new doctrine of a distinct acidifying principle from Oxygin the whole chemical nomenclature must undergo a revolution.

Commend me to Ann & Charles & all my dear fds.

Your account of the two Kings of Brentford in a Letter to your brother (which he sent me for perusal) made me laugh heartily.—

When a nation is agitated the scum which has long lain concealed at the bottom in noxious obscurity rises to the surface & is apt to offend the nostrils of modest men.—

I charge you to write me immediately on

receipt of this Letter—and unless you write at great length, I do not care about what, I shall construe it into a disrelish for my long epistles.—

God bless you my dr fellow!

H. B.

LONDON, JUNE 24th 1813

London, June 24th 1813.

MY DEAR WASHINGTON:—

My inconsiderate promises of returning home have for some time past deprived me of the pleasure of any direct communications from my friends in America & except through your brothers letters (who I am happy to say is still my companion) I should be entirely ignorant of their welfare.—

We have been in London since the 10th instant & have every reason to be gratified with our reception.—Among the persons who have interested us most are Sir James Mackintosh Miss Joanna Baillie, Mrs Barbauld & Mr T Campbell, to all of whom we brought letters of introduction.—I have also had the pleasure of meeting Miss Edgeworth frequently; she left town a few days ago for Ireland after having completely gone the rounds of fashion & admiration.—

Madam De Stael has just arrived from Sweden & is likely to meet with a recep-

tion from the beau Monde not less distinguished.—

I saw her last evening at Drury lane; she has a very reverend black beard, and features that correspond to it; but I forget that you have seen her.—Mrs Siddons played Lady Randolph for the benefit of the Theatrical fund. This is the third time that I have had the good fortune to witness her playing, besides hearing her read the whole play of Hamlet.—

I have not words to express the sublimity of her performance last evening; the whole audience were completely at her mercy, and the Theatre echoed with sobs & shrieks and bravos.—She has been strongly solicited to return to the stage & report makes her engaged to act a given number of nights next season—that is, for her own emollument.—

I had another Theatrical treat some nights ago at Listons benefit—Hamlet Travesty was acted—Ophelia by Mr Liston, Hamlet

by Mathews—Nothing could be more ridiculous—Hamlet addressed the Ghost by the tune of "Oh, Miss Baillie!"—& "To be" etc. was set to a filthy tune accompanied with his own performance on the Violin.—Sweet Ophelia presented the King & Queen with a bunch of parsnips & a head of Cabbage, reserving for her own munching a stout Turnip.—

Laertes & Hamlet contested for his Majesties Wager a la Cribb, & poor Laertes (Little Simmons) got soundly pummelled;—gloves were substituted for foils.—

I beg you to mention in order to allay the little jealousies that might arise or may have arisen in the fair bosoms of my countrywomen—that the five distinguished members of the blue stocking sisterhood (I forgot Mad: D'Arblay who is now in London) are all remarkably dwarfish—if all their personal advantages were combined they would not furnish out one tolerably pretty woman.

Such is the rigid impartiality of nature in the distribution of her high attributes.

Mad: De Stael has a new work—Mis Ed: has left one of her immortal offspring in the hands of a Bookseller, & Mad: D'Arblay is putting the finishing hand to a fourth novel—who is to win the race of popularity I will not be so bold as to predict.—

De Stael is certainly the prancing Arabian, with a rain bow neck and flaming mane—Edg: a tough little Irish poney accustomed to boggy roads and mail coaches & sure never to fly the course.—As to D'Arblay she is something between both, but I do not think she will come in first.—

We go to Birmingham next week after visiting some interesting spots in the vicinity of London—We have a letter to deliver to Dr Her[s]chell whose family we already know.—Sir J Mackintosh is a most accomplished man indeed—His Histy goes forward slowly owing to rather delicate health. He comes into

Parliament immdy but I fear his eloquence will be too refined for the wrangling contests of St Stephens Chapel.

I wish ardently that the Govt would appoint him minister to the U States.—He will necessarily be obliged in the course of his Hisy to write an account of our revolution —his views of that glorious event are lofty & enlightened, & I have no doubt he will do ample justice to the cause of liberty,—& America.—And now having made you slightly acquainted with these eminent personages, let me have a higher gratification in making you personally known to one of the most distinguished literary ornaments of this Country—I mean Francis Jeffrey Esqr of Edinburgh the Conductor of the Review.—

He is to embark from Liverpool on the Ship Hercules by the 5 of next month for Boston accompanied by his brother Mr John J. for the purpose of settling some domestic concerns.—I am deeply indebted to him,

both for his hospitality to me in Edinb: as well as for the letters he gave me to persons in London; I have endeavoured to repay him by giving him a letter to you, one to Mr Hoffman, one to our friend Mrs Renwick (who is his namesake) & another to Judge Van Ness, besides many others to different parts of America.—

I enjoin it upon you all to receive him in the most friendly manner, so that I may make some returns to him.—Try to make a match between him & Miss Wilkes; possibly the affair may not be beyond the control of the fates.

I really cannot fix upon any man in this Country whose acquaintance is better worth cultivating than Mr J—— You will find him full of the most precise as well as universal knowledge of men & things on this side the Water, which he will delight to communicate as copiously as you please.—You will do well to see as much of him as you can; he will be

glad to make friends with you & after you have become reconciled to somewhat of an artificial manner, you will find him one of the most sprightly & best tempered men imaginable.—

I have not given him Letters to James or to Peter; you will of course render that ceremony unnecessary by asking them to call upon him with you.—

As his introductory Letters will be chiefly to persons connected with the Federal party I wish you to make him known to both sides— It is essential that Jeffrey may imbibe a just estimate of the U States & its inhabitants, he goes out strongly biassed in our favor, and the influence of his good opinion upon his return to this Country would go far to efface the calumnies & the absurdities that have been laid to our charge by ignorant travellers.— Persuade him to visit Washington if Congress has not risen & by all means to see the falls of Niagara; the obstacles which the war may

oppose may be easily overcome, & at all events he may see them without even crossing into Canada.—

As his business is wholly of a private nature, neither political nor commercial I hope Government will not limit his motions.

Your brother has also given Mr J— letters to you.—

Mr. De Kantzow (the Ambassador from Sweden) who is so good as to take charge of this, has a letter of introduction to you from your brother.—His wife & two daughters accompany him; I have given them a Letter to John Jacob.—

They are very amiable people & you will perform a charitable service to them by aiding the first impressions made by the Country in which they are in future to reside.—Mr De Kantzow seems a very good old gentleman & if he had any hand in the Treaty lately concluded between this Country & Sweden, he needs no higher elogium on his diplomatic abilities.—

Mrs De K & her daughters are very affable & well bred—They have a packet for Margaret (directed under cover to Capt. Whetten)—I wish she may be furnished with an opportunity of acknowledging their politeness.—

Before I left Edinburgh I presented Walter Scott with a copy of the second Ed: of Knickerbocker, in return for some very rare Books that he gave me respecting the early History of New England.—I enclose you a Letter that I received from him since; you must understand his words literally for he is too honest & too sincere a man to compliment any person.—

We are very anxious to see Charles King who we understood has arrived at Lisbon but we fear that he will not get to London before we take our departure.

Our last Letters from Gov: & the Supercargo reported favourably of the health & spirits of these estimable personages.—Harry is the

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admiration of the black eyed Donnas of Cadiz.

I hardly know what to say about the period of my returning home—perhaps some time in the month of August.—The Continental scheme grows less likely; the expense my dear boy the expense frightens me.—

Mere Existence in this *plentiful Land* is at a fearful purchase, so that my purse begins to exhibit alarming symptoms of decay.—

Mr Payne* has acquitted himself most successfully in the characters of Norval & Romeo—Your brother will send you particulars.—

I beg my most cordial remembrance to all our friendly circle.—

I am My dr I—affecy ys

H. B.

* *John Howard Payne.*

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 2d 1818

New York, Oct: 2d 1818.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

I send you a minute statement of a disgusting dispute & its consequences forced upon me by a person named Harvey Strong—You will perceive it to have been one of these unavoidable occurences incident to men of the most unoffending dispositions.—I wish you to set the affair in its true light to any who may have noticed the filthy advertisements of Strong in our Newspapers—The statement is enclosed to Mr Richards, who will peruse it, & transmit it to you.—Possibly you may think I have treated this vile brawl with disproportionate importance—but I cannot rest until the calumny is effectually refuted.—The sentence of the Court & Jury in distinctly acquitting me from every imputation of Strong, was decisive as to public opinion in New York & elsewhere—but I am happy to say that without this formality, those who had the slightest knowledge of me,

regarded Mr Strong's advertisement as the libels of a miscreant who had been chastised in the manner he deserved.—

The fine of *250 $* imposed by Mr Colden *exclusively* for a breach of the peace, was considered by every person who attended to the trial, as exorbitant & unwarranted by the offence, (notwithstanding the very handsome concessions &c., &c. made to me in delivering the sentence of the Court.)—

The affair derived its sole importance from the base conduct of our editors, especially Mr Noah, of the Advocate, whose apology was not a sufficient atonement for his misconduct. —If every blackguard who can pay for the insertion of an advertisement, may be permitted to calumniate any person in the community, the peace of socicty is at an end— The laws of the land, as expounded by Mr Colden, inflict 250 $ penalty for chastising a person with every circumstance of justification—Yet these laws yield no adequate

redress for the defilement of a mans reputation in the public prints—But I will not add another word to a subject which has terminated so entirely as I could have wished, and which has already sunk into oblivion—

You will perceive that another dispute somewhat analogous to mine was settled lately on the Jersey shore.—That delicate arbiter of honor "the public" is I believe now amply satisfied with the meeting which took place between Perry & Heath and by Perry's receiving the fire of his adversary with a determination of not returning it.—This unhappy lapse of temper and its consequences have been festering in the breast of Perry—He is now enabled to stand erect in all the glory of his well earned reputation.—

Paulding is still with us—Certain gossips report that his wedding cake is actually manufacturing.—I take it for granted he will shortly be married.—His new poem, "The Backwoodsman" has not yet been published—

he intends it as an experiment upon the public taste, of a work composed exclusively of local feelings & manners—but he is by no means sanguine of success.—

We have resolved to pass the winter at Bloomingdale—my Wife wills it so—and I concur without much reluctance—She bids me assure you of her kindest regards.—You can scarcely conceive how quietly and cheerfully we live—Life seems to have doubled its interest by my new ties—Without adopting any Utopian scheme of happiness, or indeed any shows whatever, we go on our way rejoicing, and find our chiefest sources of enjoyment at our own fireside.

About ten days since we had a grand christening—We brought five children to Mr Jarvis with a numerous attendance of grandfathers, mothers, etc.—Our friend Mrs Renwick was the proudest of the group, inasmuch as she furnished three of the five children, viz. one of Margaret's & two of Bob's.—

You probably know that Cary is to be married in January next, at Charleston, to Miss Pyne, a Lady every way worthy of his choice—He has purchased a House in Chamber Street.—My Lord March is to be coupled at the same place, to Mrs Hutchinson a pretty sentimental Widow with two spoiled children and a comfortable estate.—Another of the Miss Pynes was married a year or two since to Colonel Bankhead, who I think I have heard you speak of as of your circle of acquaintance when in Paris.—

I met the Vice President the day before yesterday, he seemed rejoiced to hear of you & expressed a strong wish that you might speedily return home—I hardly dare to press this subject further— but I do with all my soul wish you may come back to us.—I learn from Paulding that your Brother Wm has lately made very strong representations to you, & I sincerely hope you will yield to them.—

Mc Tavish (with his family) has just passed on to Baltimore—he is to return immdy to Montreal & join Simon McGillivray, afterwards they are to come to N York & embark for Liverpool about the middle of Novr.—Mc Tavish goes on family affairs to the Highlands of Scotland.

Jack Nicolson passed some time among us lately—he is still desperately bent upon inflicting on himself the blessings of Matrimony—but Cupid invariably protests against the deed.—

George Johnston still governs the Colony & maintains his usual ascendency in the Mother Country—Miss Bradish (it is a mighty secret) they say is engaged to Major Biddle, a brother of the gallant little Captain —I have no doubt the report will prove true. Charles Nicholas' mother died lately and I understand left about 30,000 $ to the surprise of her fds.—

The Swartwouts have been at the lowest ebb

of fortune—but the appointment of Robt to the Navy agency (vice Bullen deceased) has shed a ray of hope upon their future prospects. —Their speculation remains a dead weight upon their hands, and any partial relief from their fds would only be engulphed in this vortex.—

Gouv: Kemble is getting on bravely with his foundary, and I doubt not will make it a profitable concern—My brother John is his right hand man, and gives promise of becoming a very clever fellow.—

Kemble has a most convenient mansion nearly completed, and intended for the reception of his fds & associates in the foundary enterprize—He has reserved an apartment expressly for you.—

And now my dear Irving having exhausted my mind of all that can directly interest you— I say vale & God bless you!

H. B. Jr

I have not mentioned my friend Peter, because when I write to you I conceive that I am addressing you both—

I hear with great satisfaction that Mr Van Wart is reistablished in a prosperous business—

BLOOMINGDALE, SEPT. 9th 1819

Bloomingdale, Sept. 9th 1819.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

Just as I was preparing to answer your Letter of 10 July, I had the pleasure to receive by the Amity y^r Letter of the 28 July.—

I hope we shall soon receive the 4th number, which you state was nearly completed.—The 3d number will be published on Monday the 13th.—we were retarded a few days by not getting the paper from M^r Thomas—The orders for Boston, Phil: & Baltimore were forwarded this day, in order that the publication may be cotemporanious, a point very much insisted on by the Craft.—The edition of the first number has all been sold; of the 2d N° only 150 Copies remain unsold—The demand rises in every quarter.—The 2d Edit: of N° 1 will be put to press next week; your corrections shall be carefully inserted, and the punctuation somewhat diminished. It was not owing to your MS, but to the scrupulousness of Van Winkle—I had made objections

to it for the reasons you have stated. The 2d Edit: of N° 1 will be put to press in a few days. The 2d Edit: of N° 2 will also follow that of N° 1, as soon as possible. I am truly delighted to find you were pleased with the style of your reappearance—I think you fully entitled to it—besides it was necessary in order to justify the price of the work.—Long ere this, you must have rec^d my Letters with the Copies of N^os 1 & 2, and I take it for granted that my representations (which I assure you are very conscientious) will encourage you to exertion. It is a point universally agreed upon, that your work is an honor to American literature as well as an example to those who aspire to a correct & eloquent style of composition.—The Booksellers have so far as we have gone, punctually complied with their engagements, & I have reason to believe that they will continue to do so.—

I hope you have drawn upon me for the

profits of the Work, & that you will continue to do so.—

By the Js. Monroe I have forwarded to Richards five copies of No. 3—The price is printed 62½ Cents on the cover, instead of 75 Cents—this error was corrected after a few copies had been struck off. I have also inclosed the two last Nos. of Salmagundi. P, is making sad work of it.—He applied to me for hints for a paper on the subject of my whimsical old father & the economy of his feathered kingdom.—I could not find the papers that I had written on the subject some years since; He has however completed an essay from several hints given him, which will do pretty well.—

I could not well refuse him "in his utmost need," but I would rather he had not broached the subject, as I did intend at some future time to have filled up the outline myself; indeed I would have done it for him, on the present occasion, had he requested me, but

he seems resolved upon literary suicide—in other words to destroy himself solely by his own means.—I am really astonished how he can possibly write so much below his natural capacity, and not perceive it. I suspect he regrets his rash attempt, but as he has not chosen to say as much, I cannot take upon myself to advise him frankly.—His wife is very well, and has lately given birth to a son.—

I think you are mistaken in supposing your brother W dissatisfied respecting the Washington affair—I had a long talk with him a day or two since, in the course of which he adverted to that business, and seemed rather to have yielded to the justness of your objections.—He expressed great remorse at his long silence to you, and resolved to take pen in hand and write you a long epistle by way of atonement.—He retains his old habit of burthening himself with a world of unnecessary cares and vexations—In walking the street, he seems literally bent downward,

with at least a dozen gratuitous years—yet his heart is as mellow and his sensibilities just as acute as ever.—

He was very much disappointed in the Consulship of M—s. The place I believe had been kept in reserve for the new occupant. —I wish with all my heart, something better than this may present itself.

You desire some particulars of my family economy &c—I hardly know how to descend to particulars—each day seems to glide away with nearly the same sources of occupation, without the slightest wish for novelty—We reside beyond the limits of new friends, and our old ones number very few indeed.—Our son is of course a most important personage in the family—Books and music are the next sources of comfort & amusement, besides a garden, &c, &c.—But I am determined not to let you into the arcana of our affairs until you come to us, and be fairly initiated.—We are resolved to marry you at once, and then

of course by the aid of our example, every other consequence will naturally follow.—Mr Gracie threw out a hint that you might disappoint us in this scheme by adventuring for yourself in England; but Mr G (you know) is a very profane joker.—

The Renwicks are as well and happy as it is possible for them to be under the misfortunes which have beset them—J & Robert will get through their difficulties within two months—they are at present on the limits—James bears all, with his accustomed calmness & resignation—He comes Home every Sunday. —My brother the Capt has just returned from India, very well & in fine spirits.—My wife is very solicitous of passing the approaching winter at Charleston—I have not yet concluded upon leaving New York.—

The City is very much alarmed respecting Yellow fever, but from the best information I can obtain, there is no real foundation for it.—

BLOOMINGDALE, SEPT. 9th 1819

Mrs Banch is in our neighborhood, looking very ill—it is feared of consumption.—Louisa Governeur (they say) is engaged to Mr Cambreling—Young Colden is shortly to pair off with Fanny Wilkes.—

Mr Tavish is arrived by the Amity—I am going to Town in the morning to see him.—I hope he has seen much of you in England.—My Wife desires her kindest regards.—Her Son understands French perfectly—but has not yet ventured to speak. He has the benefit of a French nurse.

I have hardly room to say that I am affecty

Ys

H. B.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 9th 1819

New York, November 9th 1819.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

The 4th Nº will be published tomorrow—I have given Ebenezer 5 Copies of it, to be forwarded in the Albion by a private hand.—I have recd your Letter of the 21 Sep: with corrected copies of Nº 1 & 2.—We have just got 40 Reams of paper from Mr Donaldson made by contract at 7 dolls payable in 6 months—the quality pleases me so much that I intend to give him another contract for 85 Reams to be manufacd immediately, and to be paid for in 6 & 9 months. Paper cannot be made in the Winter, and we shall want by the month of March 75 Reams for 2d editions of 1–2 & 3 and 50 Reams for Nº 5 & 6.—The printer will put the 2 edits to press on Friday. —Pray send a corrected copy of No. 3?—

A few days since a letter was addressed to me by Mr Wharton of Phil: at the request of Mr Thomas, proposing that your fds should redeem 1100 Copies of the 3d Edit: of

Knickerbocker which had been assigned by Mr. Thomas upon condition of their being relinquished to you, after paying the demands of the printer papermaker &c amounting to $1000. (which amt. would be due in a few months).—The Edit: you know consisted of 1500 Copies—after consulting with your brother William—I answered Mr. W's Letter, by stating the willingness of yr. fds to comply with his terms—and (as his Letter was somewhat ambiguous) desired to know whether the 400 deficient copies were to be paid for by Mr. Thomas, or deducted from the 1000$—He has not replied to my Letter, but no doubt, you are to look to Mr. Thomas, for the 400 Copies, which he has sold, and of which I do not believe you will receive a single dollar.—

Before I leave N York for Charleston, which is fixed for the 20th I will again see your brother William and request him to redeem the 1100 Copies.—

As Mr. Thomas has always professed that in publishing the 3d. edit: he acted solely as your agent & for your benefit, without any intention of making deductions for his services—I look upon this transaction as a breach of faith towards you—and that he is no longer entitled to the indulgence of vending the S, Book, exclusive of the hazard you run of losing 500 Copies of each Number.—The 500 Copies of No. 4 will therefore be sold to Mathew Cary & Son, instead of Mr. Thomas—I shall explain to him my motives for this proceeding —Your brothers (to whom I have made known the affair) are decidedly in favor of this change.—At present Mr. Thomas' acct. for the S B is nearly balanced.—

After distributing the 4th Number—I shall settle accounts with the purchasers, as well as with the printer, and advise you of the Balance in your favor, which will be payable within 90 days.—Your brother Ebenezer will then take charge of No. 5 and the 2d Editions

—I shall give him every sort of information as to the manner of managing the Work.— When I return in March, I will cheerfully resume the guardianship of your Work.—

Pray write yr brother Ebezr whether you will have 4000 instead of 2000 Copies, printed, of the succeeding numbers. The last 2000 may be marked 2 Edit: for the sake of uniformity.—By this arrangement you will save 45 $ (so the printer assured me at the commencement of the work) on each Number—on the other hand you will be deprived of the opportunity of correcting the 2 Edits which you may deem equivalent to the additional expense.—The article "Jno Bull" is in the hands of your Brother. Your Letter of the 9 Sepr by the Atlantic has just reached me. I am rejoiced to find you so well pleased with the S Book &c, &c.—I cannot help remarking on what you say respecting Miss G—— that to the best of my recollection I paid her brother $2 for copying Philip.—The article in

the E Post was written by me, at Coleman's request, and published under the Editorial head as his own—dont let this lessen your good will towards the Squire, for he assured me that the article expressed exactly what he felt & would have written. Had it been otherwise depend upon it he would have shaped the notice to his own liking.—I hope you saw the criticism in the last North A Review—I have not been able to get the Number.—The work is in future to be conducted by Mr Everett.—I will write to you again before I go to Charleston.

I am My dr I,

Affectv Ys

H. Brevoort Jr

I wish you would permit Murray to publish your work.—He might publish a volume comprising 5 numbers.

NEW YORK, APRIL — 1820

New York, April — 1820.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

It is a long while since I have written to you, but still longer since I have received any of your Letters. As this interruption of our correspondence has been entirely casual, I am determined to break silence first and set you a good example. I always begin with my private affairs, and I expect you to do the same. I am entitled to this mark of your confidence, especially as no one of your friends participates with more sincerity everything that concerns you either of good or evil.

I returned from Charleston two months ago, chiefly to prepare for building a House. Previous to my departure I was enriched by the birth of second Son—My wife has entirely recovered her health, and will join me early in May. I have taken a House in Hudson Square (J Murray's) for the next year, afterwards I hope we may enjoy a Home of our own. The vagrant sort of life that I have led

some time past, makes me doubly impatient for the return of my family and a renewal of domestic comforts.—

Mrs Renwick has given up her place at Bloomingdale & taken a House in White Street—She has sustained many losses, but retains an income quite adequate to a comfortable establishment. James & Margaret are to reside at my father's and with us, until he can find employment which at this moment is nearly hopeless. The Ins: Company has lately abolished the life department, and thereby deprived James of his last source of income.—These cruel reverses of fortune are endured by them patiently, but a long time must elapse before hope can be renewed, and old times forgotten.—In this City fortune is resolved to let no one escape her caprices: the whole aspect of domestic life has changed since you left us.—All the ordinary sources of industry seem to have closed—a great portion of the Houses in the City are to let, &

their inhabitants obliged to seek a livelihood elsewhere.—Amidst the general pressure of the times your work augments in popularity.—The last number is highly relished, particularly the Legend, which in my opinion is one of the best articles you have written—It unites all the excellencies of your old & new manner of writing. The old people are surprised at your accurate recollections of the localities of the place & its inhabitants.—My old uncle Ab^{m} a mighty warrior of the olden time, entertained me with a commentary on every name that you have mentioned, even to Brom Bones whom he recognizes for his first friend Brom Byce.—He says Dolter Martling *had a share* in the exploit you have recorded, but that somebody Nestle was the real hero, inasmuch as he never was able to walk afterwards, by reason of the wind of a Cannon Ball which wounded him in the small of the back!—Judge Benson has even promised to read it, but he stoutly maintains that you are not a true dutchman,

as your name testifieth.—I hinted to him that I should not be greatly surprised if an answer were written to his toyings with your Wife, but he insists that neither that, nor any other production of his pen, can be answered by mortal man. "No Sir I never write things that can be answered Sir." Verily the old Gent: speaketh truly—He has since left word, that he wishes me to call on him for a corrected copy of his remarks, to be forwarded to you.

I am anxious to learn how your Vol: is rec^{d} in England.—In the Feb: Number of Blackwood, which I have this moment seen, you are very highly complimented. I think you will become a great favourite in England—nor should I be surprised that they lay claims to you; proving their rights by your name & the purity of your style.—Paulding's Salmagundi died the death at the 10th Number.—John Bull seems to have taken the Backwoodsman into especial favor; this may induce the author to relent in his wordy warfare with that personage.—

NEW YORK, APRIL — 1820

I send you a copy of The Bucktail Bards at the request of G C VerPlanck, who is the author of all that stands in the name of Pindar Puff as well as the Notes.—Dirk Shift is by John Duer.—Ver P should pause before he enlists in the unprofitable contest between Clinton & Tompkins.—It reminds one of Goldsmith's Dust & Dung.—I suspect that Ver P is somewhat influenced by personal resentment against the Magnus—

I have also inclosed a pamphlet with the correspondence between Decatur & Barron.—

I regret that I cannot give any particulars of the last moments of our gallant friend; he is said to have expressed regrets at having given Barron the meeting.—He certainly might have avoided it, as you will perceive by the correspondence.

It is one of those dreadful events which will not bear reflection.—Poor M^{rs} D, I understand [is] in a sort of stupor—her heart seems parched with misery, which denies her even the con-

solation of a tear. He had taken the precaution to assemble her friends around her previous to the fatal rencontre.—

Kemble is in Town. The Foundery concern promises better than ever—by the Autumn we expect it will realize its promises, which have been rather long winded.—Gouv: has done all that man can do for the interests of the concern.—

Your Brother W^m^ appears to be apprehensive that neither you nor the Doctor are sufficiently aware of the zeal which he has shewn in the promotion of your interests.—I can only say that to my knowledge he has never been backward in doing all that was in his power to do.—

The circle of his existence is apparently narrower than ever; and the peculiarities of his character have rather grown upon him than otherwise.—I think some acknowledgment of your sense of his goodwill & kind disposition would give him great satisfaction.

NEW YORK, APRIL — 1820

Ebenezer tells me that you & the Dr were on the eve of a trip to the Continent—but I presume this letter will find you returned.— Pray write to me, and do not put me off with half a dozen lines, but indulge in a long letter.—

I am

My dr I

ever affecy Ys

H. B., Jr

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER — 1820

New York, November — 1820.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

This is the first conveyance that has offered for Havre since I received your letter dated the 22d. at Paris.—

I have held frequent conversations with your brothers on the subject of your letter, and have said all that I could possibly say in a case of so much delicacy.—From the beginning they have expressed themselves averse to the prudence of your enterprize, and on that ground solely, they have decided not to give it their support—The nature of their objections will be communicated by themselves.—I offered to come under advances on your part for $5000, to be refunded by the future avails of your literary property, which no doubt will eventually produce that amount. But Ebenezer is of opinion, that it would not be worth your attention to engage in the project unless with the full amount of capital proposed.—I am really at a loss to express myself on the

result of this business—I fear you will be bitterly disappointed—How far success might have attended your project I am incompetent to judge; I have not seen your Letters to your brothers, but I take it for granted that you viewed the subject on all sides—I can only venture to hope that your calculations of advantage may turn out [not] to have been too sanguine.

Before I quit the subject I must remark confidentially, that I have reason to believe, that the motives of my zeal in your concerns have been misunderstood by your brothers W^m^ & Ebenezer. Whether they think my participations intrusive, or that the affairs you have hitherto entrusted with me, have been withheld from them, I know not, but it is certain that I have felt some rude intimations on this subject which I would rather dispense with in the future. —I do not think it worth while to be offended with them on this matter, but I

thought it a duty to discharge my conscience by telling you.—

My wife begs you will do her the favor to purchase a dozen popular airs, waltzes & dances, simple or with variations, for the Harp. The music of Bochsa is always good, but not so well adapted for society as the compositions of less scientific or polished composers. She would prefer you should select any agreeable lively music of the above named description by fashionable composers—Mr. Beasely will find a conveyance for them to N York.—

I wish you would call on my old fd. Lherbette; he is well settled in Paris and cannot fail to prove an agreeable and valuable acquaintance—Should you see him pray give my kindest regards.—Have you met Mrs & Miss Cruger—they were our neighbors at Bloomingdale.—

James Renwick is to be appointed Prof: of Nat: Phil: in Col: College—this is the first ray of sunshine he has felt for a long while.

The salary will be 1500 $ to be augmented to $2500 so soon as the funds of the Col: will permit—My kindest regard to your brother. My Wife begs to be remembd.—I am My dr I,

Affecy Ys

H. Brevoort, Jr

NEW YORK, JANUARY 8th 1821

New York, January 8th, 1821.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

I hope you recd my last letter dated in November, especially as I learn since, that your brother did not write by the same conveyance.—To the subject of that Letter, I have no wish to recur, but I am very anxious to hear what variations it has produced in your views.—

As usual, I have little to say except the local occurrences of the day.—Renwick has been appointed to the professorship of Exp: Phil: & Chemistry in Col: College—On Tuesday he delivered an inaugural lecture which gave universal satisfaction.

The Trustees seemed resolved to raise the reputation of the College to the first rank. When the funds are adequate, VerPlanck is to be appointed Prof: of Rhetoric. At present there are five professors viz, Adraine—Nat: Moore—Anthon—McVickar & Renwick.—Dr. Harris is the President.—

NEW YORK, JANUARY 8th 1821

Our greatest novelty of late is Mr. Kean. He played sixteen nights in the Anthony St. Theatre to crowded audiences & with enthusiastic applause. A small party of dissentients, composed of Mr. Cooper' s patriotic admirers, protested against Kean's merits. Induced by their zeal & by his own confidence Cooper immediately succeeded Kean in several characters but drew very thin audiences. He saw Kean in Sir Giles & Lear, and pronounced his acting to be mere trick. Kean mortified him by keeping from the Theatre, throughout his engagement.—The consequence is that their admirers have declared open war—In point of genius & skill in acting Kean is greatly above him—but Cooper's person & voice give him an advantage in playing two or three characters. He has gone to New Orleans & Kean to Philadelphia, accompanied by Price & Jack Nicolson—The worthy Capt is quite enamoured with his new acquaintance—Price gave him 50 £ Stg. for each performance,

(exclusive of benefits) in N York. The Houses averaged $900. It is said he has agreed to pay him the same sum in lieu of half the proceeds of Kean's engagement in Phila.

Price who is overloaded with debt, swaggers in his usual way, by his great success—He threatens Beekman & Astor, with building a new Theatre, unless they comply with his proposals for the one now rebuilding.—He has engaged Philips the Singer for the next season and is resolved to take the field against Astor & B, at all events, in the Barn in Anthony Street.—

Mr Kean brought me a letter of introduction from a Lady in Edinburgh. His manners are very gentlemanlike—He sings with exquisite taste & his various imitations are very clever.—

His conduct in New York has been very guarded, and all who have become acquainted with him concur in extolling him—Never-

theless, I am inclined to believe that his former habits have been somewhat at variance with his present ones. He returns in June by the way of Italy, where his family are to join him.—On New Year's day, he dined at Jn°. R. Livingstons with a party of forty persons, among which were Cooper the Bishop & Phil: Brasher! — Everything went left handed & a score of absurdities were committed.—

A public dinner was given him by about thirty persons at the City Hotel, which went off very well. Upon the whole I think Kean's success has been as great or very nearly so, as Cooke's although his merits are certainly not in the same rank.—

What do you intend to do with the Sketch Book? Are we to have no more numbers?—Paulding has lately published a whole Vol of Salmagundi—it is the last. What new project he has on hand I know not. —If you meet with anything new in Paris,

that you think well written pray send it to me.—

My wife & boys are very well—she begs me to present her kindest regards to you.—We shall remove by the 1 May to the new House N°. 15 Broad Way.—I have fitted up a very snug room for a Library, which I hope you will enjoy.—My good old parents are as well as usual.—Kemble is now on a visit to us—W^m. Kemble's wife has a daughter.—I called on New Year's day on M^rs. Hoffman whom I had not seen for a long while.—Hoffman has joined the party ascendant, but I fear no office will be given to him.—All the present incumbents of offices are to be renamed at the meeting of the New Council on the 15 Feb^y. his Worship the Mayor among the rest. —My warmest regards to your brother—and believe me most affec^y. Y^s.

H. B. J^r.

NEW YORK, MAY 7th 1821

New York, May 7th 1821.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

After a long interval of time I received your Letter of March 10th.—The explanation of your motives for remaining abroad (I am sorry to say) are quite satisfactory. I did not intend to give you pain by interrogating you on the subject, and so, for the future let it rest.

I am glad to learn that you are earnestly engaged with your pen. Success must have given you confidence & as to the resources of your mind, in my opinion they are more abundant than you are yet aware of.—

Do you intend to continue your sketches in different parts of the continent? The design would be admirable were it possible for you to become sufficiently at home in France Switzerland & Italy.—But perhaps you have hit upon other subjects.—

It is true that I have withdrawn from mercantile affairs—whether I am justified in so doing must depend upon prudent

management.—Certainly I do not mean to remain an idle spectator in society—that would be both irrational as well as selfish. Still I feel the justice of your reproaches & confess myself too indifferent of public favor & too diffident of my ability to merit it, were I so disposed. But I persuade myself that hitherto my concerns have been too precarious and unsettled to admit of higher pursuits.—I do not believe myself capable of doing great things, yet I ought not to be ashamed of lesser ones—and to leave this would be a mere hic jacet is too mortifying to be endured.—I wish you had executed your design. To your counsels I should listen with respect and attention, and if any motive could stimulate me to exertion, it would be at your suggestion and with your encouragement.—But I fear I will tire you by this talk about nothing, although you are the only person on whom I would care to bestow my egotism.—

You keep excellent company in Paris—

Anacreon Moore & Mr. Canning; these are names that set ones blood in motion, and to associate with them on terms of literary equality is indeed a distinction of the highest value, and to which you are fully entitled.—

I hardly know what to say to you of the affairs & persons of those that surround me.—Paulding & his family have just arrived—I am not yet acquainted with his designs, or whether he has any in hand.—He has been roughly & ungratefully requited by the public —I hope he will not again venture anything without the utmost circumspection.

There is a person (not of this City) who is about to publish a work somewhat in the manner of your S Book.—He is very highly spoken of by good judges.—Should his work be worthy of attention I will send it to you.—Verplanck is full of politics (& politics never ran lower among us, than they do now)—He was a useful member of Assembly & made several reports—He spoke seldom & not with

any marked success.—Cambreling is elected our present member of Congress—He is intolerably vain of his honors, and had he lost them I verily believe he would have died of vexation. Walter Patterson is also elected a member. Mrs Cooper told me that she had written you a long Letter introducing a Mr Somebody.—Cooper is at New Orleans. Kean, after being very unjustly and cruelly treated at Philada has gone to Baltimore, where he is playing with his usual success. —He is to remain here another season & will probably play at the opening of our New Theatre in Sept or Oct: next.—Price after a world of negociation with Beekman & Astor through the medium of our favourite Jack Nicolson, has taken a lease of it, at a net of 13000$ per annum.—The Theatre will be beautiful, but I fear it will never support such an enormous rent charge.—Price intends to go to England in the next Liverpool packet to beat up recruits.—I saw Mrs Hoffman at a

Ball a few evenings since at Tom: Morris'. She made many kind inquiries after you. Her health is no better than usual. Hoffman is as greatly [engaged(?)]* in politics as ever.—The old Lady is very infirm and will not probably live out the summer.—Mrs Nicholas still continues to reside at Phil: Rhinelanders, in defiance to much illnatured scandal.—She is actuated by no worse motive than caprice, I confidently believe.—Mr Lyman, the author of the most unlucky tome on Italy, is to be married tomorrow to Miss Henderson a Lady of high pretensions and full of most blest condition.—

Mrs Bradish has taken Mr Le Roy's large House in Broad Way—Nicolson holds out in the Colony about 10 doors below. He means to write you a long Letter forthwith—Major Lee (by authentic reports) has squandered his wife's fortune, seduced her sister, & absconded!—William Gracie will probably have

* *The Manuscript is torn here.*

reached you before this—To him I refer you for every sort of information. My Wife desires me to present her kindest regards. My sons are two brave fellows.—We intend to remove to N° 15 Broad Way in a week.—Believe me my d^r I

Most affec^y y^s

H. B. J^r

Your picture by Newton will be exhibited next week in the annual exhibition of the Academy of fine Arts.—

The Delafields are very well—He has had the misfortune to lose his youngest child lately.—

NEW YORK, JUNE 15th 1821

New York, June 15th 1821.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

I have recd your Letters dated the 5, 14 & 21 April. The two dfts for $1000 each, have been accepted; and should your brother E be unable to make up the remittance of $1000 to Mr Beasley, I have promised to assist him with the residue, but it is probable he will not stand in need of help.—I am happy to understand that by this arrangement your mind will be disengaged from pecuniary matters and exclusively devoted to literature.—

The explanation you have given of your future ability to discharge these advances, is perfectly satisfactory; I can, without inconvenience, wait until your means will enable you to do so at your leisure. Meanwhile, it affords me real pleasure to be of use to you, and I beg you will not burthen your mind with any weight of obligation.

I presume from what formerly passed

between us in regard to the Steam B enterprize that J T* will comply with your brother's wishes. The statement you have sent of the prospect of success, exhibit[s] the project in a favourable point of view, & I sincerely hope it may not be marred by further doubts and delays.

We are now near neighbors of your brother William. His health throughout the winter has been infirm, and his spirits sadly depressed & broken. He is now greatly relieved and seems inclined to resume cheerful habits. Ebenezer is a real philosopher; with ten times the motive for despondence, he never suffers his mind & spirits to waste in hopeless repinings. J T keeps his course straight onward. No man in the community enjoys, & indeed no man merits a larger share of public & private confidence.—His income must now be large, but the practice of the law seems to have increased his distrust of prosperity.—

* *Judge John Treat Irving, Washington's brother.*

George Enninger has not yet arrived — I shall be glad to see him—he is a young man of the kindest temper & disposition.—

Kean has left us in a huff. His repentance seemed to augment at every step of his departure. At Sandy Hook he even promised to return.—His preposterous vanity led him into an error that has been punished by our editors as a crime. I am really sorry for Kean—In my intercourse with him, he always conducted himself in the most gentlemanlike & engaging manner—Had he remained here another season, he might have added 3000£ to the 4000 £ stg. that he carried with him.

Jack Nicolson is greatly distressed—he stuck to Kean to the last like a man.—

The New Sketch Book N° 1 has appeared with the title of "The Idle Man." It is printed very elegantly & has some merit, but not enough to encourage the author's industry.

Your old acquaintance Hetty Gracie is to

sail for Liverpool to-day. She is accompanied by her husband Mr. Beach Laurence.—

I look with anxiety for your new work.—In the mean while no hint of it shall be given out. —I must postpone until another opportunity many small matters that I have to communicate—as the Ship by which this goes is on the point of departure.

My Wife & children are very well—

ever affectv. Ys.

H. Brevoort, Jr.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 9th 1821

New York, October 9th 1821.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

It is a long while since I have recd a Letter from you—the 15 May was the last.—Mr. Ehninger* has given me a good many particulars of your domestic history—but he seems to know little of the inner man. He is a kind hearted soul, with a head full of crudities, which travel has not much corrected.

I lately spent a few days at Ancram with Walter Patterson—his brother Wm was with us, and gratified me with much intelligence of your brother Peter, as well as yourself. What a pragmatical old Monsieur he has become!—

By the last accounts from Mrs V Wart, you were in London previous to the Coronation, which I hope you witnessed as well as our illustrious countryman Ezra Weeks, Esqr His adventures in high life are the amusement of Gotham.

I am anxious to learn whether you are in

* *Elsewhere spelled Enninger—*

the hands of Murray. Ehninger thinks you have written something about the Troubadours—further he knoweth not. They would furnish rich materials for a Chivalric Romance, but I would rather you had undertaken a work of fiction with American materials, drawn from any period of our national existence.—I am satisfied that you are able to write such a work, difficult as it may first appear to you.

By the by, you ought to send Ebenezer another number of the S Book to complete the work—that it may be bound in two volumes.—

I understand Knickerbocker either has, or is to appear with illustrations. If you could obtain the plates for a new edition here, it would be worth your attention.—

Your Brothers have no doubt informed you of the hopeless state of Wm Irving's health. I wish it was in my power to encourage you with hopes of his amendment.—

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 9th 1821

Your fd Miss Ann Delafield (she that you knew in London) was thrown from a wagon a few days since, and survived only eight hours. One of the younger brothers was driving her to Mr Prince's cottage at Hellgate (which John Delafield had taken as a summer residence) The horse took fright in the lane leading to the cottage, ran off, and threw her with violence against a stone which fractured her head.—

One of her younger sisters lies in the last stage of consumption & her father has for a long while been tottering on the brink of the grave.—Poor D has been oppressed by affliction ever since his arrival.—

In the absence of Ebenezer I purchased with funds furnished by him, Le Roy Bayard & Cos Bill in Paris for *$1000* and remitted it some time ago to Mr Beasley.—Paulding & his Wife have just returned from the Highlands, having passed the summer with G Kemble—Ann Nicholas returned about two

months since from a residence of two years at the house of Phil: Rhinelander—Charles is well established at Richmond, as Cashier of the U S Branch Bank—he has written for Ann who seems in no haste to join him.—Renwick & his wife are to take immediate possession of a suite of apartments in the College. He gets on bravely as a professor.—

We are to take our departure for Charleston (for the last time, positively) on the 21st inst. in the Steam Ship. I believe I shall return to N Y in the course of the winter.—My Wife & sons will remain with Mrs Carson until May.—

Mr. Jno. Bristed goes in this Packet for England. He finds it impossible to bear the matrimonial yoke any longer with that Lamb of Bellzebub, my well beloved Couzen the late Mrs Bentzon.—He is literally wasted to the bone by the severity of her discipline. Their fracas have furnished the Town with scandal these six months. She is certainly a

maniac.—Nicolson begs you to answer his Letter. He has just recovered from a desperate love affair, being the twentieth or thereabouts.—My Wife—& my children—my Father & Mother are all well & happy.—

ever affectionately Yrs

H B, Jr

New York, January 1st 1827.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

The paragraph in your letter to Ebenezer relating to me, has given me more pain than I am willing to express; not, as you will presently perceive, that I am in the least degree amenable to your reproaches, or have ever given you cause to utter them in terms so harsh, and I must say, unfriendly. How it has happened, that you have received none of my letters, I am unable to explain. The last letter that I recd of yours, was dated the 29 May 1825, introducing to me Mr. St Aubyn & Mr Hallam. I had previously written to you several times, but at present I am unable to specify dates. My last letter was dated the 14 Nov: 1825—directed to the care of Wells & Co, Paris.—It was a letter of two sheets, written with that perfect openess of heart & kindness of feeling, which never for a moment has ceased to characterize my sentiments towards you.—Believing that it

must have reached you, I was puzzled to account for your silence, and have again & again asked your brother whether in your letters to him, you had not alluded to it and to myself.—I was however willing to impute the delay to your wanderings, and to the exclusive nature of your literary pursuits—never did I permit any unkind construction of your seeming neglect to cross my mind. Nor was it possible that any neglect of the kind could weaken the deep foundation of my attachment to you—an attachment which as I hope for mercy, I have never felt towards any other man.—Judge then how sensibly I was hurt by your choosing to put the existence & the continuance of my friendship to a final issue.—Whoever it was that informed you, that my mind was absorbed & debased by money-making pursuits, was guilty of uttering a base falsehood. The repetition of so gross an aspersion, although disbelieved by you, appears irreconcilable to my conception

of the disinterested fdship that has invariably existed between us; and I am persuaded that it must have slipt from your pen in a moment of irritation.—I certainly do not hold myself answerable to the misjudgments of those who are merely spectators of my motives & my actions, and the very retired manner in which I pass my life sets me aloof (thank God) from the impertinence of a closer observation of them.—Money getting, which may be called the besetting sin of this community has never absorbed my attention; but in avoiding the infection I have sometimes thought myself an unwise exception, judging from the keen excitement which its pursuit seems to impart to its votaries.—

Indeed, excepting the settlement of old transactions & the affairs of others, I have had scarcely any thing to do with traffic for some years.—But the infamous manner in which so many of our monied institutions have been plundered within the last twelvemonth, has

made me feel much less secure of independence than I could have wished—and the efforts that I have been obliged to make to escape with the least possible loss, have furnished my mind with an abundance of disgusting toil & disquietude.

Those dull details of myself are drawn from you by your own severity; yet I trust I have said nothing more than was strictly necessary to my own defence; but if I have said aught to offend your feelings, I hope you will overlook it & remember that this is the only instance of discord that has ever arisen between us.—Let us then my dear Irving begin the new year by a renewal of kind and affectionate recollections & by frank and frequent interchange of our sentiments.—

I have been living for the last two months with my Sister at the College & shall probably continue with her until the Spring.—My Wife with the three youngest children (girls) is gone to Charleston to pass the winter with

her mother to whom she had made a promise which could not be got rid of. The two boys are at a french boarding school—(Messrs Peugnet).—The disagreeable occupation to which I have alluded above, has compelled me to remain in New York & to make so great a sacrafice of my domestic enjoyments.—Your brother has always communicated to me your various movements & occupations & I am glad to learn from him that you are heartily engaged in writing the life of Columbus—it is a subject of great dignity as well as interest—an American one, too, and in every point of view befitting the imployment of your mind.—Mr Galt, who passed some time in New York lately, requested me to say to you that he possesses the only original portrait of Columbus known to be in existence—and that if you chose to have it ingraved for your work, he had given instructions to his wife in London to place it at your disposal by means of Murray or in any other way that

you might see fit.—Renwick & his family are very happily situated here—he is busily employed in writing an introductory discourse to the Athenæum lectures—Reviews for the London Scientific journal; to which he has contributed several able papers—and Reviews for Walsh's New Review, which is to amaze the world on the 1 March next.—I do not know what Paulding is doing—he seldom mixes with his friends—& lives a life of complete seclusion. His Brother has just been reinstated to the honors of the Mayoralty, to the great discomforture of poor Hone, who during his reign of a year did every thing both officially & individually to entitle himself to a reelection.—But his opponents, upon political grounds, as they alledge, thrust him out of the office with the most indecent haste and animosity. I think he had no good reason to expect a reelection, but the manner in which he was dismissed, was a gratuitous insult to the pride of a very worthy and honorable man.

But "sic transit &c." I am very sorry for his mortification.—Nicolson is still cruising in his stout little man of war—the Ontario in the Mediterranean—he writes me, that he is to return next spring or summer. He is intimate with heroes, both Grecian & Barbarian—(Mavrocordato & the Capulan Pasha—) the latter Jack thinks bears a striking resemblance in hight & rotundity etc &c to himself, except his being rather bow-legged and much addicted to the sea sickness.—The worthy little Capt is deep in classical lore—he has anchored his ship in the Piraeus—approached the Acropolis, mounted upon a Donkey—dug up the graves of sundry Atheneans at Milo & sent me some beautiful relics of antient Terra Cotta &c, &c. He has moreover fathered some Greek orphans & saved the lives of others.—But above all—he has kept his ship in the most perfect condition & lived in the utmost harmony with his officers.—

Bradish is passing the Winter among us &

deals out his stores of knowledge with becoming modesty & high breeding.—He is the glass of fashion & pink of fastidiousness.—A matrimonial connexion "prudently conducted" I have no doubt would complete his happiness. —By the by—speaking of matrimony—I cannot help alluding to that scurvy jest my old f^d. Blackwood played upon you.—M^r. Clay was here about the time the rumour reached us—he made many kind inquiries after you & laughed in a most unstatesmanlike manner at the villany of old Ebony.—Renwick, who is a huge consumer of Parmesan Cheese—was on the point of bespeaking your bounty in that choice viand. I tried to hoax my wife by pretending that I had rec^d. a letter from you announcing your nuptials—deifying the lovely Empress—and asking us to pass the winter at your Court.—She declared positively that the E—was unworthy of you & that she would forbid the banns.—Young Cutting who (I believe) you & your

Brother met at Bordeaux is engaged to be married to Miss Heyward—a daughter of the old H who married Miss Cruger.—She is a great favourite of mine & of every one indeed who is acquainted with her.—He seems every way worthy of such good fortune & I hope he will not be disappointed.

G K* is going on very prosperously with his foundry—he talks as usual of setting down soberly in life & begetting his own images—but he is an incorrigible bachelor. Ver Planck is you know in Congress; he has not yet done any thing to distinguish himself from the multitudes of aye & no gentlemen—but he is highly though(t) of by the house.—Mr. Spy Cooper is now in Paris—having recd the barren appointment of Consul at Lyons—part of his new novel "The Prairie" is here & in the press.—I hope you will see him—he has a rough & confident manner of expressing himself, but you will find him a right good

* *Gouverneur Kemble.*

fellow at bottom.—He was accustomed to amuse us at "The Lunch" with disputations on the french language.—The person who instructed him made him very hypercritical in the niceties of pronouns & particles to the great amusement of Chs King & others who are masters of the language.—I should like to know whether he thinks the Parisians do in point of fact speak french correctly.—

Old Mr Lord, whose daughter he married some months since—lately died & left her 40 or 50,000$—which could not have fallen into better hands.—King is still the editor of the Am: having dissolved copartp with Johnston Ver P——* his talents are not happily displayed in his vocation.—John King has gone to Washington—we talk of giving him a complimentary dinner in a private way on his return.—Amongst the changes that are ever taking place in this variable community, I think you must have

* Verplanck.

deplored the downfall of the old firm of Le Roy Bayard & Co.—Their misfortunes have been long impending—everyone seems to rejoice that the worthy old gentleman left the world and its miseries before the failure of the House. —William B——will be left pennyless— Robert's wife's fortune is partly settled upon herself & her children.—They owe very large sums in Europe—here, their obligations are not so great.—Old Major Fairlie awoke from a long fit of dotage or misanthropy some six or seven months ago to the great relief of family & his fds.—It was brought about by an artifice of his fds who prevailed with the Chief Justice to write him a Letter, intimating the necessity that existed of appointing a successor to his office of Clerk to the Sup-Court.—This exasperated the old gentleman's energies, to such a degree, that he immedy sallied forth from his apartment to the City Hall & he has continued to do so ever since— renovated in spirits & full of pithy sayings.—

Charley Miller a noted usurer lost a large sum which he had invested in Bonds of the Life & Fire Ins. Company; after wear[y]ing Hone & other Dignitaries to stretch forth the arm of power against the swindling directors —in vain—he unbosomed his griefs to the Major. The old Gent told him to go home & seek for consolation by reading the scriptures —referring him particularly to that passage in which Paul says "I wd. to God that not only thou, but all that hear me this day, were both almost & altogether such as I am, except these bonds."—When he heard of the death of Jefferson & Adams & that Mr. Carroll was now the only surviving signer of the declaration of Ind: he observed—Well! the old boy is left in a fearful minority. . . . These are from among dozens of his witticisms— Mrs. C.* still resides at Bristol but visits us occasionally—she is very little changed in personal appearance—although she has (I

* *Mrs. Thomas A. Cooper—Irving's friend, Mary Fairlie.*

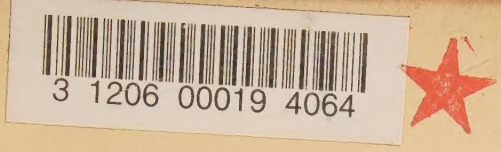
believe) eight children—the eldest Mary, nearly a woman grown.—Miss Louisa, who has all the cleverness of her father, seems to be too keen for the sensibilities of her beaux.—

My good old parents are still in the enjoyment of health & contentment. My father comes to the City (as he calls it) once in four years to go the rounds with me, and wonder at the novelties of the age.—

I beg my kindest regards to your Brother Peter—I hope he remembers our adventures in the great world with as much pleasure as I do; they have furnished me with agreeable reminiscences ever since.—I wd request you to present my regards to Mr Everett, but that it is more than probable that he has forgotten me.—

I am My dr I. ever affecy Ys

H. B.



THE COOPER UNION READING ROOM

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